THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXXII No 30—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JUNE 20th, 1933.

Historical Society c

"Henderson's" Cartage
Local and Long Distance Hauling
Reasonable Rates
Phone 500 E. G. HENDERSON
23-1-y

GOLF BALLS, TENNIS BALLS, RACKETS
Don Caton's.

Complete Beauty Service
DAVID KINGSBURY'S
Hairdressing Parlor
Phone 74.
Richelieu Hotel, - Napanee

DOXSEE & CO.
Chic Summer Hats

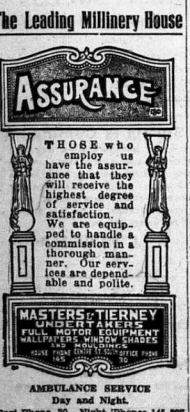
More time and care has been taken in creating and selecting these summer fashions than ever before.

Hats suitable for any occasion—exclusive designs.

Also a smart collection os Sport Hats in Swansdown, Rabbit Hair, Pique, Angora and Crepes.

BERETS IN ALL SHADES
Prices 50c. and 90c.
CHIFFON STOCKINGS
Regular $1.50
Sale Price 79c.
Service weight in all shades 79c., $1.00
SWEATERS, in Blue, White and Ruby
Price $1.50
MESH GLOVES, in White, Beige, and Grey. Price 75c.
CORSETS and CORSETTES
a Specialty

The Leading Millinery House


ASSURANCE
THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.
MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
EQUIP PHONE DAY OR NIGHT OFFICE PHONE 195

AMBULANCE SERVICE
Day and Night.
Day Phone, 30. Night 'Phones 145-227

Growing pigs are very fond of and can make excellent use of green feed.

Say you saw it in The Express.

APARTMENTS TO RENT—May 1st. Apply VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP. 20-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Or exchange for town property. J. W. METZLER. 30-tf

ORGAN FOR SALE—Cheap. Would make good office desk. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE—One McClary Cabinet Electric Range. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP. 30-a

HORSES FOR SALE—Four good, heavy work horses, around 12 years old. Apply to BURNELL DENISON, Selby road. 25-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WORK WANTED—Repairing and painting roofs, cleaning wells, eavestroughs, sewers, or any other jobs of similar description. Phone 134. W. E. SANDFORD, GEO. PLUMLEY. 40-tf

FOR SALE—One McClary coal and wood range and one ice box, both in good condition. Apply to MRS. M. A. EPPLETT, Donald St. ,Napanee. 30-a

ROSES - SHRUBS - PERENNIALS
ROCK PLANTS - EVERGREENS
Fresh from the ground
CANADIAN GROWN
"Everything for the Garden"
Write for Special Price List.
"We sell the best for less."
ARCADIAN NURSERIES,
ISLINGTON, ONT. 18-tf

FARM FOR SALE

The southwest corner of lot No. 12, in the 10th concession of Richmond, containing 50 acres. On the premises are a house and barn in fair condition, also a never failing spring. This farm will be sold at a low price for CASH. Apply to

E. J. POLLARD,
Napanee, Ont.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Bargains in business properties, general stores, groceries, drug store, butcher shop, barber shop, garage and tourists home.

Number of farms at bargain prices. Many exchanges offered.

Large threshing separator, blocky mare, pure bred and grade cattle.

Good brick house, 5 acres garden, $1200. Terms.

28-b JNO. WILSON.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS

Public notice is hereby given to all property owners in accordance with the Weed Control Act that unless weeds which may be growing on their lands within the town of Napanee are cut down by July 1st, 1933, the corporation may enter upon said lands after said date and have the weeds cut, charging the cost against the owner and charged up as taxes. Poison Ivy must be uprooted.

THOMAS POWELL,
Weed Inspector of Napanee.
30-a

Canada was far and away the principal supplier of cheese to Jamaca in 1932 with 383,630 lbs., as against 18,817 lbs. from New Zealand ; 11,124 lbs. from the Old Country, and 3,272 lbs. from Holland.

Martin Senour Paint.

100% pure, for inside and outside use. Also a good quality lower priced paint. Portland cement—fresh car.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
June 19th, 1933.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening. Mayor Arthur S. Kimmerly presiding.

Present—Reeve Paul, Deputy-Reeve Wilson and Councillors Luffman, Fitzpatrick, Marsh, Topping, Hughson, Cowling.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

A communication was read from Mrs. J. H. Madden expressing her deep appreciation of the kind expression of sympathy by the members of the council, of the demise of her husband, the late Judge J. H. Madden. Ordered fyled.

A communication was read from Wilfrid S. Wilson, County Clerk, in reference to the disposal of the Schermehorn and Wright Trust Fund. This bequest had been made for the purpose of assisting in the erection of a House of Refuge in the County of Lennox and Addington. The County Council had arrived at the opinion that owing to the existing and working of the Old Age Pension Act, a House of Refuge for the county was not necessary, and consequently they were willing that the proceeds from the said Schermehorn and Wright Trust Fund should be turned over to the Children's Aid Society of Lennox and Addington, to be used for their work. The Children's Aid Society have made a request for the money, and if it is turned over to them, they propose to establish and maintain a Children's Shelter. A portion of it will be used for the purchase and outfitting of a suitable building, and the balance invested and the proceeds therefrom used in defraying the cost of looking after the children in the Shelter. This fund is now invested with the Toronto General Trust Fund, and at present has reached the grand total of $32,748.73. A committee of the County Council have been authorized to make application to the proper authorities to have this fund made available for the uses of the Children's Aid Society of Lennox and Addington. A copy of the resolution passed by the County Council, also the letter from the Children's Aid Society making application for the fund, was laid before the council. At present the number of wards under the care of the Children's Aid Society is 39, and the cost of the care of these children is chargeable against the county. Last year the cost of maintenance of these children totaled $7045.19.

The Town of Napanee is interested in this trust fund, by reason of the fact that the bequest from the Wright estate was made to the town for the establishment of an Old Ladies' Home, and turned over to the County to assist in the purchase of a House of Refuge, consequently it was necessary that the town, as an interested party in the Trust Fund, should signify its willingness that the money be turned over to the Childrens Aid Society.

Moved by Councillors Marsh and Fitzpatrick that the Town Solicitor be asked to draft a resolution conveying the desire of the Town Council that the Trust Fund of the Wright and Schermehorn estate be handed over to the Children's Aid Society of Lennox and Addington, for the purposes of the Society. Carried.

Mr. Gerald Smith appeared before the council and asked that the privilege be granted the Victorian Order of Nurses of holding a tag day in Napanee on the second day of the Lennox County Fair. Request granted.

On motion of Reeve Paul and Coun. Hughson, it was decided that : (1) A special meeting of council to strike the estimates for 1933, be held on June 23rd, at 7.30 p.m.; (2) That the Collector be notified to return the 1932 roll, not later than July 7th ; (3) That at the regular meeting of the Council on July 4th, a by-law be introduced and passed appointing a tax collector for 1933 ; (4) That the town treasurer be authorized to advance to the Board of Education from time to time as may be required, not more than $15,000.00, said amount to be repaid on December 15th, with interest at five per cent. Carried.

On motion it was resolved that when the Council adjourn it stand adjourned until Friday evening, June 23rd, at 7.30 p.m.

Coun. Luffman reported that the expenditure on streets amounted to around $3,500 and unless funds were provided the work would have to be suspended until the estimates were fixed.

Mr. Alpine Woods, chairman of the Board of Education, thanked the Council for the playground equipment installed at the West Ward and East Ward schools. The equipment was a very great source of enjoyment to the children .

Moved by Coun. Topping and Deputy-Reeve Wilson, that the Conservation of the Town of Napanee cease to use the Wallace property as a children's play ground, and that Mr. Wallace be notified accordingly. Carried.

In the deed of gift of this property to the town a clause signifies that when the town ceases to use this property as a playground for children, the property will automatically revert to the original owner or his heirs.

Moved by Coun. Marsh and Deputy-Reeve Wilson, that Coun. Hughson and Reeve Paul be a committee to confer with the Canadian Legion, and all parties interested, with a view of moving the gun now located in the Harvey Warner Park, to a more suitable position, and report to Council. Carried.

Considerable discussion took place over the question of market tolls, particularly the idea of marking off the market into stalls, and selling them to market parties at a fixed yearly price.

It was finally decided to leave the matter in the hands of the market clerk, to use his own judgment in the matter.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were ordered paid :

Mrs. McLaughlin	$22.50
Robt. Light	30.40
D. Davis & Son	8.19
J. Wilson	32.38
J. Wilson	35.00
Napanee Fuel & Supply Co.	11.00
J. G. Fennell	265.50
R. McFarland	5.00
Dr. Willoughby	40.00
W. S. Wilson	2.40

The following accounts were referred : D. Davis & Son, $21.00, Town Property Committee with power to act; Deputy Minister of Hospitals, $209.82, to the Clerk to investigate and report.

DEATH OF EDWARD SMITH

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith, of South Napanee, received the sad news late Friday afternoon announcing the death of their eldest son, Edward, of Seattle. No particulars were received, the message stating that his passing was sudden.

Deceased was born in Napanee, but had been in the west for a long period of years. He was in the garage business in Seattle.

A sister passed away several years ago, and besides his parents he leaves to mourn his loss a sister and a brother residing in the west.

The late Mr. Smith was in the employ of the former Robinson Company, Napanee, over thirty years ago, and some time later went west.

His friends in town will regret to learn of his death.

POLICE COURT CASES

John Mills, who was taken into custody by Provincial Special Officer D. B. Wagar, on a charge of taking a car which did not belong to him, and who was found guilty by Police Magistrate Graham at Tinton, on Friday, June 9th, was on Friday sentenced to three months determinate and six months indeterminate in the Ontario Reformatory, the sentences to run concurrent with his unexpired term of seventeen months on which he was out on parole.

Gordon Oke, who pleaded guilty to a charge of perjury in connection with his evidence relative to the causes surrounding the death of Wm. Baker, and who was remanded until Friday, appeared and was given four months definite and six months indeterminate at the Ontario Reformatory.

There was rather a sad case when an order was made by the Magistrate that the three oldest children of a woman residing in Napanee be made temporary wards of the Children's Aid Society for six months. The two babies will be left with the mother for the time being.

NAPANEE W. I.

The June meeting of the Napanee Women's Institute was held in the Agricultural Rooms on Tuesday, June 13th, with a large attendance. Mrs. Exley, President, occupied the chair.

The meeting opened with the Institute Ode. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and confirmed.

Letters were received from those who had been remembered with fruit or flowers during illness.

Mrs. Fellows, convener of the meeting took charge during the program.

Mr. M. R. Reid gave a splendid address on Education, pointing out its obligations and the many advantages gained through a first class education.

Mrs. Jas. Douglas gave a description of her recent trip through the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver and Seattle.

A hearty vote of appreciation was tendered these speakers.

A recipe for Strawberry Shortcake and the method of preparation, was given by Mrs. Fellows.

Roll Call—"One of the best books I have read," included many suggestions for reading for the holiday season.

Plans were completed for the District Annual Convention to be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, June 20th, program to commence at 9 o'clock, lunch to be served at 12 o'clock. All the ladies of Napanee and vicinity are cordially invited to attend the convention.

The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

HOLSTEIN BREEDER'S FIELD DAY AND PICNIC

The Holstein Breeders of Lennox and Addington held a very successful picnic at the Napanee Driving Park on Friday, June 16th. The program commenced shortly after 10 o'clock, with Mr. M. C McPhail, Toronto, Assistant Director of Agricultural Representative Branch, giving a Demonstration of Holstein type. A keen interest was taken in the Judging Competition which followed and there was considerable discussion following the placing of a class of five good breedy cows. A class of five very promising calves was placed and discussed by Professor Bell, Principal of the Kemptville Agricultural School.

After lunch the crowd gathered in front of the Palace to hear the speakers, Professor Bell giving a most sound address on "The Feeding of Dairy Cattle," emphasizing the place of Alfalfa, Sweet Clover and of succulent feeds. In speaking of roots Professor Bell placed their importance ahead of that of silage, urging that both be used where possible. "Roots," said Professor Bell, "do require considerable labor but this can be reduced to a minimum where the fields are thoroughly cleaned the year before. Plowing and cultivating during the hot part of the season saves most of the hoeing in the following root crop.

Mr. McPhail pointed out the necessity of cow testing, as a means of eliminating poor cows. With the assistance of two large charts he indicated very clearly that a smaller number of cows properly fed are more profitable than a good many half-starved, under developed cattle.

Mr. Robert Merritt, President of the local Holstein Breeder's Club, acted as Chairman, introduced Mr. L. M. Kerr, Agricultural Representative, and also called upon Mr. James Henderson from Prontenac County and Mr. Fred Hobbs from Prince Edward County, A Boys' Showmanship Competition and a Tug-of-War, in which the Eastern Townships were pulled up and down by the West, concluded the program.

The winners in the Judging Competition were as follows :

Senior Judges—1st, W. A. Scott, Stella ; 2nd, C. E. Ashley, R. R. No. 6, Napanee ; 3rd, Morrison Scott, Stella.

Junior Judges—1st, Arthur Perry, R. R. No. 1, Napanee ; 2nd, Kenneth Sexsmith, R. R. No. 3, Napanee ; 3rd, Victor Stetler, R. R .No. 7, Napanee.

Winners in Boys Showmanship—1st, Donald Paul, R. R. No. 4, Napanee ; 2nd, Harry Benn, R. R. No. 6, Napanee ; 3rd, Willie Burgess, Enterprise.

NEWBURGH

Many friends were present at the most enjoyable tea on Friday afternoon, given by the W.A. of St. John's Church, at the home of Mrs. Merton Vandervoort. Mrs. R. R .Dougan and Mrs. H. E. Sutton assisted Mrs. Vandervoort in receiving the guests. Mrs. Joe. Alcombrack received the small admission fee. The rooms were very attractive with vari-colored garden flowers and the tea table looked pretty with a centre decoration of yellow roses and yellow tapers in silver holders, at which Mrs. G. A. Aylsworth and Mrs. W. A. Ramsay presided. Mrs. J. M. Rozell and Mrs. Stanley Hughes assisted by three young brides, Mrs. Robt. McCloy, Mrs. Herbert Kneuth and Mrs. Bernard Hatton were the tea assistants. The home cooking table was attended by Mrs. M. Hill, Mrs. Alfred Sutton and Mrs. Chas. Walker. The Rector, Rev. R. W. Spencer, and Mrs. Spencer were among those present at the delightful affair. The sum realized was most gratifying, being over $32.00.

Mrs. Nelson Snider has returned to her home in Picton, after spending a week with her father, Mr. D. Bowerman, who was very ill, but is recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hyland, Dorothy and Harold, of Toronto, motored down on Saturday to spend the holiday with her mother, Mrs. J. Morgan.

Mrs. Willis Galbraith and son Alan, spent a day with her sister, Miss Stella Pero, who is recovering after having a broken ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Clarke, of Ernestown spent Sunday evening with Mrs. Jno Clarke.

Mrs. Jas. Farley spent Saturday evening with Mrs. M. Hill.

Mrs. Anderson attended the W.M.S. annual meeting of Prince Edward County on Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. Anderson attended the Wesley S. S. picnic at Switzer's Landing on Saturday.

Mrs. D. Denison is attending her daughter, Mrs. Alex Garrett, Selby, who has been ill.

The Misses Gandler, of Napanee, spent the week-end with their brother, Mr. E .Gandler.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ed. Shorey, George and Elmer, of Cannifton, were the dinner guests of his sisters, Mrs. C. Scriver, and Misses Clara and Emma Shorey .

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald File were the guests of his parents on Monday last.

ROTARY FIELD DAY

The annual Field Day in aid of Crippled Children's work by the Rotary Club was held in the Driving Park on Wednesday afternoon. Though the weather was not as warm as could have been wished, and a couple of small showers of rain interfered, nevertheless the program was carried on.

Rotarian Harry Card and his sports committee had all arrangements completed for a big afternoon program. Rotarian Jack Adams, manager of the Detroit Red Wings, was instrumental in bringing the softball team of the Ottawa Hockey Club to play a picked team from Napanee. The visiting team was composed of hockey players whose names are known to thousands of hockey fans in the province and dominion. Among the players present were "King" Clancy of the Toronto Maple Leafs, Walt Kilrea, Hec. Kilrea, Allan Shields, S. Howe, Connell, Alex Smith, Beveridge, Down, Shultz, Godin, also the well known manager, Carson Cooper.

The sports were started sharp at 2 o'clock, when a wrestling match and three boxing bouts were staged in front of the grand stand. The first bout was between the Gallaher Brothers, Joe who weighs 95 lbs., and Frank, who weighs 105 lbs. This wrestling match called for two falls out of three, and the winner was Frank Gallaher, who was the recipient of a silver cup. In the secnod go, Scotty Richards, weighing 114 lbs. was pitted against Joe Whitehead, 126 lbs., and after three two-minute rounds, the match was declared a draw.

The next boxing bout aroused plenty of excitement when the Smith Brothers of Kingston, put up three very fast rounds. Frank ,the one brother, won the Gold Medal at Ottawa, while his brother Hubert, is the Kingston and district champion, as well as a Gold Medal winner at Ottawa. Frank was declared the winner, although there was little to choose between the two boys. Each was presented with a silver cup by the Club, the presentation being made by "King' Clancy. The concluding bout was the featire and Ed. Gallagher and Jack Swayne for three rounds mixed it up freely, and the fighting was fast and furious. Both men are very shifty on their feet and like all boxers are looking for the deciding punch. They gave plenty and took plenty, and were given a big hand by the crowd, Gallagher was declared the winner on points, and received the silver cup. After the bouts had been concluded ,the track events were run off and provided plenty of excitement. The winners were :

120 yard dash—Murphy of Belleville.

Running high jump—Fox of Deseronto.

Bicycle Race—Earl Hayes and R. Fox.

Boys' Race, under 16 years—Earl Hayes and R. Fox.

One half mile bicycle race—Gaynor of Deseronto.

Running broad jump—McConnell.

Girls' race, under 16 years—M. Babcock and Betty McMillan.

Boys' race, under 13 years—Robert Russell and T. Pawson.

One half mile Relay—Phillips.

A Tug-of-War was also arranged to take place between Yarker and Dorland baseball teams.

The ball games were late in starting owing to the other events, and the baseball game between Dorland and Yarker was called at the end of the seventh. The teams were :

Yarker—Powley 2b ; Cline rf ; Buck lf ; Dunn 3b ; Allore ss ; Warner 1b ; Scott cf O'Neil c ;Brooks p, Clarke, sub.

Dorland—Bygott 2b ; Garrison 3b ; Rombough c ; Bill Prout p ; Laveck cf; Loyst 1b ; Campbell rf ; Goode lf ; J. Prout ss.

The umpires were "Bill" Kilgannon at the plate and "Red" Miller on the bases.

Dorland, the first team to bat poled three runs and duplicated the same feat in the second innings. They added one more in the fifth.

Yarker scored two in the second, and had a glorious chance in the sixth when with the bases loaded the last man was an easy out. Yarker made several inexcusable errors in the first two innings, which accounted for several runs. Brooks was hit quite hard, but Prout twirled a steady game throughout. Following is the score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yarker	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Dorland	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	—7

In the softball game the teams lined up as follows :

Ottawa—Venn cf ; Kilrea 2b ; A. Shields 1b ; Howe ss ; Alex. Smith lf ; Connell rf ; McEnley 3b ; Beveridge c; Down p ; Shultz, Godin, Radley and Hec. Kilrea, subs.

All Stars—Patrick 2b ; Stinson ss ; Galley p ; Murphy rf ; Miller 3b ; Bowen c ; Switzer lf ; Lucas cf ; McCutcheon 1b.

The umpires were : Jack Adams behind the plate, with "Bo" McNeil on the bases.

The outstanding work of the visitors was the pitching of Down, he taking his time and pitching over a very fast ball.

The locals could not connect with any effect and for nine innings were blanked. The visitors notched one in the first, two in the third, and two in the fifth, the final score standing 7-0.

This game proved one of the feaeures during the afternoon, and as each visiting player came to bat, he was introduced by Jack Adams, who told the crowd on which team each one played in hockey.

The boys were given a good hand.

During the afternoon members of the Club sold ice cream, soft drinks, etc., and excellent music was furnished by the Boys' Band under the leadership of M. A. Epplett.

There was a large attendance at the park, and had the weather looked at all auspicious the attendance would have doubled or trebled.

ODESSA

The regular Home and School Club met at the school on Tuesday afternoon last with a splendid attendance. The president, Miss Anglin, presided, and a very attractive program was given. The roll call was answered by "Iced Drinks and Salads" after which an interesting paper, "Health Hints" was given by Mrs. Walter Pooke. Current Events were given by Mrs. I. H. Burley and the Misses Helen Sproule and Shirley Sproule delighted all with a pleasing duet. The accompanist was Mrs. Robert Calnan. Items of business came up for discussion and it was decided to have a picnic on August 8th, arrangements will be made to make this an outstanding success. The proceedings were brought to a close with an old fashioned spelling match, which proved one of the highlights of the afternoon. Dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. E. Babcock and Mrs. J. Smith.

Mrs. William Tolls attended the funeral of her nephew, the late Clifford Earl Babcock, which took place on Friday morning from the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Babcock, Westbrooke. The deceased, who was only twenty-two years of age, was a guard at Rockwood Hospital and passed away in the General Hospital on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A .Bell and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Boyce were the guests at the dinner party, which was given by Mr. and Mrs. George Freeman at Sydenham. The day was an eventful one for Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, as it marked their wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Harvey Macnamara and her son Harry of Timmins, accompanied by the former's sister, Mrs. Edward Vrooman of North Bay, are visiting relatives here. Mrs. Vrooman is the guest of her son, Fred Vrooman, and Mrs. Vrooman, and Mrs. Macnamara is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. C. Graham, and Miss Bertha Graham. Mr. Macnamara is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Watertown, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Perry of Toronto are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Calder, also Mrs. Perry's father, Stanley Fraser.

Mrs. Lorne Nixon of Ottawa, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Mark Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. W. C. Jenkins and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Watts and daughter Nancy, of Rochester, N.Y., returned last week from a delightful motor trip. They visited Montreal, Quebec City, and St. Anne de Beupre. While in Quebec they had the pleasure of being shown through the ocean liner, "The empress of Britain" and while enroute home they spent a day in Ottawa, and visited the Parliament Buildings and art gallery.

S. W. Clarke spent a few days with his family in Oshawa.

Miss Norinne Gleason, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L .Swift and Mr. Swift, has returned to her home in Almonte.

Charles Timmerman has returned home after spending two weeks in Montreal.

Three sugar-beet factories were in operation in Canada in 1932—Canada and Dominion Sugar Co., at Chatham and, Wallaceburg, Ont. ; and the Canadian Sugar Factories, Limited, at Raymond, Alberta.

PAINT !

Is the best protection against decay. Get your boiled oil, Elephant White Lead and Antimo. Portland Cement fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

COMING EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Town Hall, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 2-tf

COMING ! Consult Prof. LOADSTONE, Master Mystic Palmist, Card Reader, Physic Healer this Friday only, all day and evening. Tell your friends. Richelieu Hotel. 30-a-p

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, LitD. (Editor of the Sunday School Times.)

REVIEW: JESUS OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

Sunday, June 25th.—I. Peter, 1:3-9.

Golden Text:

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. (Matt. 28: 18-20).

As the Bible is not intended to be merely history, so the four Gospels are not intended to be merely biographies of Jesus Christ. The information given concerning nations and men and the man Christ Jesus is chosen and presented by the Holy Spirit, in the inspired Scriptures, for a definite purpose—a purpose different from all other history or biography. The redemption of a lost world and the Redeemer: these are the great themes of the Bible. All the historical and biographical material we find in the Scriptures has a vital relationship to these two great themes. Much is left out that uninspired human historians would have brought in. Many details are included that uninspired human writers would have omitted.

Let us keep in mind these foundation facts as we review our six months' studies in the life of Christ. We shall see Old Testament prophecy fulfilled all through this Gospel. We shall find facts concerning Christ that never could have been recorded of even the greatest of created men.

The Old Testament tells of the preparation of the world for the coming of Christ; the climax of this preparation was the ministry of John the Baptist, predicted in the last book of the Old Testament, Malachi 3:1, and recorded in Mark 1. John summoned his generation to repentance and confession of sin, and to the receiving of water baptism, that they might be ready for the coming of "One mightier than I," who "shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."

Then came Jesus of Nazareth, a man and more than a man; the Son of God, the Messiah and King of Israel, the Saviour of the world. Hundreds of Old Testament prophecies were now fulfilled; and as Jesus, identifying Himself with sinners, though Himself sinless, submitted to baptism, the heavens were opened, the Holy Spirit descended upon Him, and the Father spoke from Heaven: "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Jesus was the long promised, long awaited Messiah and King of Israel. He brought out from His disciples the true confession, "Thou art the Christ," and the word Christ is the Greek for the Hebrew word Messiah. He assumed Messiah's authority when He cleansed the temple in Jerusalem, casting out the money changers. When, at His trial, the High Priest asked Him directly, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" the Lord answered, "I am." When Pilate asked Him whether He was the King of the Jews, He said He was. He was crucified because of this claim, which the Jews called blasphemy—and it would have been blasphemy if it had not been true.

It will make a profitable review lesson in class to take other similar leading topics relating to Christ and bring together the various passages from the entire Gospel of Mark that throws light on them. For example, such topics as the following:

Diety of Christ. Humanity of Christ.
Christ Working. Christ Praying.
Christ Training His Disciples.
Christ Teaching. The Miracles.
His Love and Compassion.
His Justice, Wrath, Condemnation.
Meaning of His Death.
Meaning of His Ressurrection

Was Christ only a good man, a perfect man, or was He divine as no other man has ever been or ever can be? Mark's gospel gives a clear answer. In addition to the passages quoted above, the following may be noted:

The demons recognized Him as divine (1:24; 3:11; 5:7).

He claimed the right to forgive sin and "who can forgive sins but God only?" (2:5-12).

He said to Himself: "The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath" (2:28).

He works miracles of every sort, healing the sick, even lepers, casting out demons (5:8), giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, commanding storm and wind and sea, and raising the dead. And these miracles, the Gospels tell us, were His credentials, wrought in order to show who He was and declare His deity.

He promised that He would come again "in the glory of His Father with the holy angels" (8:38); "and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven" (14:62).

Although He was divine, in his incarnation the Lord "humbled Himself," submitted to the limitations of humanity, living as other men, and living a life of utter dependence upon His heavenly Father, by faith.

He prayed, giving prayer such a place in His life as no other man has ever done. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed" (1:35). In Gethsemane He prayed in agony, but in full submission to His Father's will (14:32-39).

While His love and compassion were perfect, never failing, at the same time He embodied and exercised the perfect justice and righteousness of God, necessarily expressing God's wrath against sin and condemnation of sin and of incorrigible sinners. We must never overlook this side of the character of the Father and the Son. He warned the Pharisees of the "danger of eternal damnation" (3:29); He urged men to accept eternal life at any cost, rather than "to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" (9:43, 44).

In the death and resurrection of Christ God did two things. He visited His necessary wrath upon the sin of the whole world, as it was borne in the body of His only Son on the tree; "the wages of sin is death," and the Lord accepted those wages as the sinner's substitute, giving "His life a ransom for many" (10:45).

And on the third day God raised Him from the dead, in full and final victory over the power of sin. It has been said that the resurrection of Christ was God's receipt in full for His Son's payment of the penalty of sin. But only those who accept this great sacrifice are saved.

President Killed Men

If you want to stump a person who prides himself or herself on being well informed, ask this question: "What President killed a man?" The quizzed, one will probably try to think of some dead or battle in which a President fought. But you further mystify by saying that the killing was done in cold blood. Of course it's a catch question.

Long before he became Chief Executive, Grover Cleveland was a county sheriff and in that capacity officiated at executions. The gallows on which he hanged several murderers is still preserved in a garage in back of the Erie county jail at Cleveland.—The Pathfinder.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents
Fleet St., London, E.C. England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE
Barristers, Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE

Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office.

U. M. WILSON, K.C.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace.
Phones—Office 46, Residence 125.
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE.

T. B. GERMAN
Barrister and Solicitor
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES
OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, Napanee.

A. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours:—2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Phone 307. 38-1

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 61

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture)

Haying Time Hint

Now that haying time is here again, it is well to note that, according to results obtained at the O. A. C., Guelph, sweet clover makes the best quality hay when cut late in the bud stage and about ready to blossom.

Certified Apple Orchards

The opinion that apple orchards should be certified is gaining ground among apple growers and horticulturists. It is contended that certified orchards would raise the standard of apple growing throughout the province. A certified orchard would be one which had no hawthorns, wild apple trees, no neglected nor maggot-infested trees within 300 yards of it. A certified orchard would be one which was well sprayed and free from apple maggot. With every orchard certified, bumper crops would be assured.

Defective Chicks

A casual glance over the chicks may not detect any culls or pickouts. But on closer examination it may be noticed that some are not doing as well as others. Some have defects of body conformation, feet or wings. These might better be taken out now than left to add to the crowding in the pen. There will be pullets that are off in type, have poor heads or some other defect and might better be sold as broilers than kept to maturity. Under present conditions one can afford to rear and keep only the best for the laying flock.

Crowding is frowned upon by expert-poultrymen. If at all possible separate the cockerels from the pullets so as to give the pullets more room at the feed trough and on the roosts. Some of these cockerels may be sold as broilers, and the best carried along to be sold later as roosters.

Vegetable Growers' Report

Of interest to vegetable growers will be the 28th annual report of the Ontario Vegetable Growers' Association (1932) just issued by the Department and containing the following valuable chapters: President's address by C. I. Delworth; report of Secretary-Treasurer J. Lockie Wilson; report of Fieldman, Geo. Rush; The Trucking Problem as I See It, by Paul A. Fisher; Market Conditions by W. G. Saunders; Vegetable Diseases and Their Control by Dr. H. W. Dye; Asparagus Culture by Harper Secord; Cover Crops, by T. H. Hones; How to Cut Cost of Production, by Chas. T. Williams; Soil Heating by Electicity, by O. W. Titus; Possibilities of Western Markets, by H. E Tomlin; Fertilizers, by Major A. Black. Copies are obtainable from the Department or from your local representative.

New Health Broadcasts

Stress Value of Milk

The Ontario Federated Women's Institutes will present regular weekly Health Programs over radio station CRCT. The first was given on Monday evening, June 19th, at 6.15 Daylight Saving Time.

These talks will stress the value of milk in the diet and, it is expected, will create a grater consumer appreciation of this important product of Ontario farms.

Such plans have been made possible through the courtesy of the Hon. Thos. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture.

Honey Prospects Good

If Quality Maintained

Uniform quality, good packing, and continuity of supply are three important items in building and maintaining an export trade in honey. George R. Paterson, Overseas Commercial Representative of the Ontario Honey Export Association, recently returned from England, reports a good steady market for high quality Ontario honey in the British Isles. He said that consumers are gradually learning the importance of honey in the diet and also, to appreciate Empire brands. He states that quality in honey is judged by texture, flavor, and color. Further, that British buyers think highly of the good clover honey from Canada, and are quite prepared to pay fair prices for a well-presented product.

In Holland there is a fair market for dark honey, and Ontario buckwheat competes quite well with Cuban, Russian, and that from other sources.

CROP REPORT

A review of crop conditions as of June 1st showed that pastures, hay and clovers had grown rapidly, showing much improvement over a month earlier. Clovers and alfalfa generally promise heavy yields. In Eastern Ontario new seedings were fairly winter-killed, but old stands appear good. Haying commenced early this year and has been in full swing in most counties. Fall-wheat has come along rapidly except in low lands. The fall of moisture has been very uneven, with some sections suffering from drought and others needing rain. Crop prospects are good in northern Ontario. Livestock on pasture have plenty of grass and are in good condition in western, southern and central Ontario.

Bruce County reports many fields of fall wheat badly lodged due to unusually luxuriant growth. In Dufferin the growth of fall wheat, spring grains and meadows is most satisfactory. Huron County, in common with most of Western Ontario suffered heavily from early June windstorms in which many farmers lost barns as well as tomato and tobacco plantings. Brant County reports prospects for strawberry crop very good, with acreage down 25% from 1932. The Hessian fly has played havoc with fall wheat in Essex and much of the crop, 45,000 acres, will be affected. One hundred bacon hog boars have been purchased in Essex in the last twelve months. Down in Carleton County heavy losses are reported from wire worm and cut worm on spring grains and corn. A severe hailstorm inflicted losses estimated at $100,000 to $150,000 covering practically all vegetable gardens and green houses east of Ottawa. Orchards have had an unusually large show of bloom and the prospect for fruit of all kinds is favourable. Barley acreage is larger than usual and oats about average, with both crops showing well.

Sow Buckwheat in July

The acreage of buckwheat has shown a steady increase in Ontario every year and now stands at 200,000 acres. Its popularity is increasing, due to the opening up of the European market for buckwheat and to its ability to smother weeds. Buckwheat fits naturally into the crop rotation as a late sown crop or as a special smother crop, and for best yields and as a means of checking weeds, should not be sown until after July 1. The practice of some farmers in planting buckwheat in June results in buckwheat becoming mixed with clover and other light honey, with a tremendous loss to the beekeeper, cutting the sale value of the white honey crop 50 to 75%. The apiary is a valuable asset to any farm in aiding fertilization of all plants, especially fruits and the apiary owner should not be forced out of business by thoughtlessness on the part of farmers in sowing buckwheat early in the season.

Minister in England

Hon. Thomas L. Kennedy, Ontario Minister of Agriculture, is on a six weeks' trip to England for the purpose of personally canvassing the British market with a view to further stimulating the sale of Ontario farm produce and to make a study of what the British consumer wants and how it may best be served. He has been delegated by the Government to make whatever changes necessary to constitute Ontario House in London a great central point for marketing Ontario's produce and to bring back recommendations to aid exporters here.

An attempt to push th sales of Ontario flue-cured tobacco, livestock, cheese and fruits is the primary object of his visit. There has been a very gratifying increase in sales of Ontario fruit in Britian due to the presence of a representative on the market who has studied the requirements of the British importers and has passed his knowledge on to Ontario growers.

It is hoped to extend the plan to include other farm products and the Minister's personal visit should go far towards providing the necessary information for pushing the campaign.

POISON IVY

HOW TO IDENTIFY IT AND WHAT TO DO

Many a holiday has been made wretched by contact with poison ivy, and to persons who cannot identify this noxious plant there is little comfort in the caution to keep away from it, or from people, clothing, tools or anything that has been touched by it. To begin with, the leaves of the poison ivy are arranged in threes after the manner of those of the strawberry, but unlike the strawberry leaves they are smooth and firm, sometimes leathery, with the edges dented here and there, or, in other words, sparingly coarse-toothed. In these respects they are somewhat like the leaves of the Virginia creeper, which are, however, borne in fives. Early in the summer, inconspicuous clusters of small white flowers arise from the axils of the leaves, and are followed, on some plants, by round whitish fruits about the size of a pea. The fruits are fleshy at first but later become firm and dry, in which condition they may be seen all through the following winter.

Generally, the plant is of low bushy growth, but sometimes it is found trailing in the leaf mould. Occasionally it climbs fences, and at other times it reaches a considerable height on trees. On farmed land it is confined to fence borders and places not reached by tillage. It is particularly prevalent in rocky situations least unlikely to be disturbed by man, and while it is widely distributed across Canada (and southward), complaints are most numerous from Ontario and adjacent parts of Quebec, especially from the lake and highland regions so attractive to campers and summer cottagers. Poison ivy, its eradication, and treatment of poisoning are fully dealt with in a pamphlet which may be obtained free from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa. Only one of the principal treatments may be mentioned here.

The treatment most widely recommended at the present time is to daub the affected parts with a 3 per cent. solution of potassium permanganate, or paint with iodine tincture. Once the blisters have appeared, all rubbing should be avoided and care should be taken to localize infection by painting iodine around the edges of the sores, and by using compreses soaked in a 2 per cent. solution of aluminium acetate, alcohol solution of acetate of lead (50 to 70 per cent. rubbing alcohol), or any other cooling substance (baking soda, boric acid solution). In persistent cases the treatment may be varied by the use of ointments, (zinc, etc). These latter may be removed again by sponging with hot soapy water. Dry baking powder or boracic acid must not be put on oozing sores because they cause the sores to be sealed over with a hard crust, thus aggravating conditions, while frequent exposure to air brings temporary relief. Contrary to widespread opinion, recurrence of poisoning symptoms does not take place from year to year without fresh exposure to ivy.

Ability of Philadelphia Lawyers

There appear to be many different opinions as to the origin of the expression, "It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to straighten it out." The proprietor of a newspaper was indicted for criminal libel and was successfully defended by Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer, in 1735. The case was epoch-making, as Hamilton established for all time the principles of free press and free speech, to which the law of libel should be forever subservient. The New England folks have a saying: "Three Philadelphia lawyers are a match for the very devil himself." This is taken from the Salem Observer of March 13, 1824.

President's Salary

The salary of the President is $75,000 a year. President Hoover made a voluntary cut of 20 per cent in his salary, making it $60,000. An annual appropriation of $25,000 is made for his traveling expenses, but in most years this is not spent and a large balance remains in the treasury. There is also a large annual appropriation made by congress for the upkeep of the White House, apart from the President's ordinary household and personal expenses. His salary as President is not subject to income tax; any income from outside investments, etc., is subject to taxation.

Several Distinguished Sons

Mrs. Washburne of Livermore, Maine, had three sons governors, four members of congress, two senators, two ministers plenipotentiary, one major-general and one naval captain. Cadwallader Colden Washburn was governor of Wisconsin and Israel Washburn, Jr., was governor of Maine. There were seven brothers, of whom four sat in congress from four different states. Elihu B. Washburne, one of the brothers, was secretary of state and afterward minister to France. The cradle in which these boys were rocked is still shown in the old home town.

Mr. Fox Watched From Roof

Cunning fox very smartly evaded pursuing hounds of the Muskerry hunt, near Derry, Ireland. It made straight across country to a barn where it went up a sloping ladder to the top of the roof, from which he watched the progress of the pack. The master of the hunt "drew" the bounds after they lost the scent at the barn. In the meantime Reynard got down from his perch, and, springing across a laneway, got clean away. Previously a fox did the same trick. It is believed to be the same animal which did it again.—Montreal Herald.

Eavesdropping on the Other Man

By ALLEN JOHN ADAMS

ROGER MANNING walked stealthily around to the back door, and sneaked in quietly—as if he were a burglar instead of the owner. Opening the back door softly, he peered about and crept down the hall to the living room. His return from town was two hours earlier than he had planned. He felt thrilled as he thought of the surprise it would give his bride of a week.

He grasped the handle of the living-room door and started to turn it slowly, but a strange voice from within the room stopped him. The words that he had heard seemed impossible; he doubted his own hearing. But there is was again—that low masculine voice that radiated such assurance; now it was saying suggestively, "I knew you'd come back to me. You couldn't love anyone else that way, as long as we were together." And then silence . . .

It was unbelievable! Ruth! Of all the women in the world—untrue to him. Only this morning, she had clung to him tenderly, and she whispered that she loved him as she loved anyone else.

But there was the irrefutable evidence again coming to his ears—that low vibrant voice that sounded just as the perfect lover's should! Now, it was becoming more dramatic . . . and at times . . . a trifle muffled—as if they had their faces close together. He could think only of the lovely face that he had thought belonged to him alone.

It was more than he could stand. He felt very sick inside, as if he wanted to fall to the floor, and never rise again. He was aroused by the sound of that same insinuating voice again thrusting itself into his suffering mind. Strain as he might, he could not hear his wife's voice. The torturing thought, that she seldom spoke above a whisper, when he had her in his arms, seared his feverish brain. She must be in this other man's arms now, whispering endearing phrases to this new-old lover as she had to him.

He felt dazed and helpless. Who was so all-powerful as to come in and take his wife away from him? His blood seemed to go cold at the thought of the thing. It was maddening!

Then, he heard the man's voice; it was still persuasive; he seemed like a very intimate whisper, but he caught, "and we'll run away together, dear—tonight!"

Rodger Manning suddenly saw red. His head throbbed, and seemed filled in his veins began to feel as if it were on fire. He reeled away from the door, staggering with a blind rage that knew no bounds. The long restrained temper had burst its leash, and his mind was filled with fiendish thoughts of revenge . . . action!. . . anything to destroy this soul-torturing vision!

He went into their bedroom and opened the right-hand top drawer of the dresser . . . It was still there, all right. He picked up the cold and dark-looking automatic, that now seemed like such a strange device to snuff out men's lives—and even women's! Turning it over in his hands, he stared at this black metal thing that could deal death so quickly.

He was in the stupified daze of a person whose mad rage has received temporary banishment. Seeing his reflection in the mirror in front of him startled him. He saw a man with dilated eyes and slightly open mouth, who looked very pale and ghastly—a strange man, who held a weapon of death in his hand, and prepared himself for murder.

He thought slowly . . . murder . . . death—meant separation from the only thing in this world he loved; he didn't want to live without her—he'd kill himself, too. But the man—the other man; as he thought of the one who had wrecked his dream of happiness, his face tightened fiercely, and the lips that had been open, set in a hard line of determination. He would carry his plan through to it's bitter end.

After the shots . . . people would come in . . . and they would find three bodies—all dead; and the gun that had spoken revengeful justice and death, would still be tightly gripped by his hand.

He examined the automatic very slowly, and carefully—like a man who had eternity. Yes . . . it was, fully loaded, and in perfect order; so he moved the safety-catch and took a firmer grip. They say that, "Every man kills the thing he loves."

As he turned the knob of the living-room door, he heard a slight sound from within, but not a word. They must be in each other's arms now—to be so silent.

He put the gun in his coat pocket—with his finger on the trigger—and pointed it forward. In a moment . . . fire would come from that pocket.

Coldly, he opened the door, and took two steps forward.

As in a dream, he heard his wife saying: "Oh, Roger, dear, you've missed hearing the most dramatic reading over the new radio that father sent us today? . . . Darling! you look as pale as death!"

Royalty

"We ought to get a new cook. The old one is impossible."

"I know. But who's gonna get her to abdicate?"

Sentinels of the Republic

The principal object of the Sentinels of the Republic, an organization which was established in 1922, is the "conservation of the constitutional rights of the citizens of the United States and opposition to any infringement, public or private, upon such vested rights." There are said to be over 9,000 members, and the headquarters is in the National Press building, Washington, D. C.

Swift-Sailing Clipper Ships Hung Up Records

One of the famous California clipper ship races was that of the Wild Pigeon, John Gilpin, Flying Fish and Trade Wind. They sailed against time, leaving New York on different dates. Flying Fish won, making the passage from New York to San Francisco in 92 days and 4 hours from port to anchor. The Gilpin made it in 93 days from port to pilot, and Wild Pigeon in 118 days. The Trade Wind, which left some time after the others, followed, with 102 days, having taken fire and burned for many hours on the way. Another famous race was that between William H. Webb's Swordfish and Donald McKay's Flying Fish. The latter sailed from Boston November 5, 1851, and on the same day the Swordfish passed Sandy Hook. The Swordfish arrived in San Francisco on February 10, 1852, after a passage of 90 days from Boston.

Culture

Grove Patterson, of the Toledo Blade quotes from Matthew Arnold as to his idea of a man of culture. Arnold said: "The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time, who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it; to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light."

Ancient Soup Kettle

At Colchester, England, they dug up a bronze cauldron with drop handles. This kettle measures two feet across, and might have held the broth with which, as the rhyme tells us, the Old Woman who lived in a shoe fed her huge family.

The cauldron was found on the site of the old Roman camp, but the experts say it is Celtic work and that the first cook to stir it lived 2,000 years ago. It was looted by Roman soldiers, and it probably was first made from looted cattle also. The life of a saucepan was not such a humdrum affair 2,000 years ago as it is today.

Naming the Chow

If you have a dog of Chinese breed such as the chow, pug or pekingese, of course you want your pet to have a Chinese name. Following are a few suggestions offered by the Dog World, with their English translations: Aye Shing—loving heart; Chu-Jen—the master; Chin-Pao—golden treasure; Fwo-Kin—parti-color dog; Ho Yan—a fine fellow; Kum-Sum—golden heart-ed; Kwai-Chu—foreign jewel; Kwai-Wha—little lady; Shoh-Hee—little brother; Shih Bah—snow white; Shia-Kin—little dog; Tu-Sheng Tzu—only child; Tay Ylang—sunshine, and Yan-Dan—friend of man.—Detroit News.

Not Scriptural Quotation

The phrase, "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is not, as some have supposed, a Scriptural quotation. It is a variation of the line from "Maria," by Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This may be traced back to a passage in "Jacula Prudentum," by George Herbert (1593-1632), "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." About 1750, however, Henri Estienne wrote in his "Femilies, etc.," "Dieu mesure le froid a la brebis tondue" (God measures the cold to the shorn lamb).—Exchange.

DECORATING
Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.
FRED RUSSELL.
Phone 406. East Street.

Hotel Paisley
Phone 869 NAPANEE
The home of the transients.
Good Beds and Meals our Hobby.
J. H. Fitzpatrick, Proprietor.
32-1y

D. F. MILLS
The Popular Meat Store
Dundas Street
Headquarters for Meats, Dressed Poultry, Etc.
Choice Western Beef.
Phone 273 NAPANEE

Spring is Coming!
Get your harness repaired and oiled before the spring rush starts and be ready to start seeding as soon as the land is fit to work. I can sell you new Harness, Collars, Lines and all parts at greatly reduced prices this Spring. See me before you buy.
W. J. VANDUSEN
NAPANEE
20-1y

E. Pringle
General Blacksmithing and Wagon Repairing
Highest price paid for all kinds of Scrap Iron.
Phone 278 NAPANEE, ONT.
23-27

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.
4-tf

Mr. Car Owner
Get your radiator and cooling system cleaned out of all rust and dirt with our new Radiator Blower—this tool certainly does a wonderful job and insures you of a good, cool running motor.
Price, $1.00--any Car
Have your winter oil and grease removed. We can replace with the proper grades to suit your particular car.
For greasing we have the best and most up-to-date equipment in this district. A good grease job is very important to your car.
Price 75c.
J. M. GRAHAM'S GARAGE
"Where Courtesy Is a Habit"
PHONES: Day 218. Night 346
NAPANEE

The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service

"Yes, we've got to go on. We passed a stick back there five or six feet long. By hugging close to the wall I think I can reach one of the keystones in the slide and loosen it. It won't be difficult, and the whole thing will come down like a house with the foundation pulled out from under it. I'm going to take you back a distance."

"And when the slide comes, where will you be?"

"Against the rock wall, as small as I can make myself."

"You mean," said Caria, with quick understanding in her eyes, "that you are going to take the stick and pry one of the rocks loose, but not from the edge of the wall, for no foothold is there. Your intention is to stand in front, and make an effort to get out of the way when the avalanche starts."

"I am sure I can do it."

"If it comes slowly, yes." But what if it should come the other way? Let us go together, Paul. It may be that we can get over it safely."

"Wait here until I get the stick."

"If we try to climb over it together we will need the stick."

"But we cannot climb it. I know. I have seen a hundred of those things in the pit. They are like hair-trigger guns, even when they look solid. It is necessary to loosen a rock and then make a run for it. The stick will give me a few feet start."

"But it may be more firmly fixed than you think."

"My stick will prove it. Until then you must remain here."

She accompanied him to the downward exit of the small, room-like prison they had entered, and listened to his footsteps until the sound of them grew faint. Then she ascended to the crest of the rock slip again. A score of feet beyond lay the danger point. Between it and where she stood was the rough depression, out of which Paul would be compelled to race for his life should he loosen the avalanche. There was an overhang of rock, high up, and she did not see how he could escape it. She turned to look back in the direction he had gone. It was like Paul to take the situation in this way, as if it were an unimportant incident rather than a tragic thing.

Light was fading swiftly, and evening shadows were falling between the deep, close walls of the crevasse. A radiance was in Caria's face, as if a voiceless spirit within her were sending a message to some one in the world above. She could hear Paul's footsteps returning. The iron nails in his boots striking on rock, and her lips moved, yearning to call his name. Then she ran down into the hollow and up to the farther edge. All of it might not be such a sword of Damocles over them. If it were not, then Paul could only scold. If it were—

She began to climb.

CHAPTER XII

Paul heard the crash. He was a little beyond the place where he had left Caria, and ran to it, calling her name. Then leaped through the dust which was settling quickly and heavily, and saw the hollow choked to the brim with the debris of the avalanche. Caria was caught in the last grip of it, near the crest of the rock slip. The upper part of her body was out, and she was alive when Paul reached her. He tried to speak as he tore at the rocks. But his voice was gone. He saw Caria's eyes looking at him with the light fading out of them. She made no sound. Her eyes were closed when he had her in his arms at last. Yet she was not dead—he found himself saying the words over and over as he climbed with her out of the fissure.

It may be that the full story of Caria Haldan and Paul would never have been known had it not been for the happening of this night. It seems reasonable that neither Claire nor Lucy-Belle nor the others would have told the more intimate of its details. A madman told the story. The madman was Paul. He came into the engineers' camp in the middle of the night. They did not know him at first, for brush and limbs and rocks had disfigured him in the darkness. His face was like that of a man who had been beaten with naked fists. His clothes were half gone. His feet were bleeding through the shredded leather of his boots. In his arms he carried a woman; a dead woman, they thought. Not until Derwent unwrapped the coat with which her head and shoulders were protected and saw her face could he clearly realize that the man was Paul.

They took Caria to the Mistassini. She was carried gently, but quickly, in half a litter—with half a dozen men taking turns in bearing her.

Even then, in his exhaustion, Paul insisted on walking at her side until the last nerve in him broke. It was this which robbed him of a day and a night of conscious life.

When he came to himself again, after hours of tortuous sleep, Derwent told him that Caria was badly hurt but would live.

Claire, he said, had returned to her people in New York the second day after his supposed death. Lucy-Belle had gone with her. Word had been sent to her that he and Caria were alive, and Lucy-Belle had replied, saying that Claire was very ill. Then had come a telegram from Claire.

Derwent gave it to Paul.

"I am so happy," it said. "Come to me as quickly as you can. Only God knows how glad I am."

"It sometimes takes a long like this to bring out the love in a woman's heart," said Derwent, remembering Paul's years of loneliness.

"Yes, it does," said Paul, and he saw Caria's face between him and the words which Claire had written.

He went to see Caria soon afterward. He had taken a great deal of pride in the clean, white hospital he had built for the company, and now he blessed it. Derwent told him what it had meant for Caria. They had X-rayed her and had made the extraordinary discovery that there was not a broken bone in her body. But something had happened to her back, and she was paralyzed from her waist down. Temporarily, he believed. Knowing what Paul would have done under the circumstances, he had sent to Quebec and Montreal for expert assistance, to consult with the company staff.

Caria was propped up against a mass of pillows in her snowy bed when Paul arrived. Everything was white about her, except the rich darkness of her hair—the room, the bed, her lacy gown, her face. Like that, with two silky braids streaming over her shoulders, she might have been a child, one who had been a long time sick, with an exquisite, fragile beauty about her. He had not expected to find her so like a lily-petaled flower whose soul a breath might carry away.

He seated himself beside her, and she let her hand creep over the coverlet to him. It was helplessly weak. Her fingers were only a feathery pressure about his.

"Please don't scold me, Paul," she said faintly, trying to smile. "You see, I was right. If the rocks had buried you, I could never have got you out and brought you home. Could I?"

He did not answer, but held her hand so closely that a joyous little melody of content came for a moment in her throat. "I am glad. I was afraid you would be angry with me. Now I know I shall get well quickly."

It seemed difficult for them to find things to say. Paul, fighting, with the grimly set lines of an Indian in his face, was holding back what he wanted to tell her. Caria knew. A little more and she would have cried, her own weakness letting down the thing which both were valiantly making an effort to hold between them. He told her about the specialists who were on their way, and that their own staff had no doubt but that she would very soon be on her feet again. He tried to talk without a strain in his voice, yet he could feel the falseness and pretense of his effort when he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her pale, sweet face.

Caria knew this, too.

At last, when it was time for him to leave her, she said: "When are you going home?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"It must be soon," she urged. "I want it that way. You must start today—or tomorrow. Only that will make me well. Claire wants you. Please—read this—"

She gave him a crumpled yellow slip of paper. It was a telegram, crushed as if she had been holding it a long time before he came. He smoothed it out and read the words which his wife had sent her. The message was almost identical with the one he had received, giving him the impression that Claire, in the stress of her emotion, had been able to find but a single thought for them both.

"I am so happy," it said. "Send Paul to me as quickly as you can. Only God knows how glad I am."

"She has faith in me," said Caria. "She asks me to send you to her. What a privilege that is, Paul, for one woman to give another! No matter how hard I try I can never be as wonderful as Claire. The world does not hold many women like her. She loves you. She wants you. When will you go to her?"

"You said—tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow."

He rose, and stood looking down at her.

"I will go," he said. "But some time I will come for you, Caria. Maybe not now, not in this life, but sometime. May I continue to dream that?"

"It is not a dream," she said. "It is faith. I am giving you up for a little while, that is all. Sometime, in another life, these tests which God put upon us will return you to me."

When he looked back at her from the door she was smiling, her eyes filled with tears.

He tried to readjust himself between the time of this last visit with Caria and his departure for home. His effort was an honest one, a struggle to fit himself to certain demands which he accepted as necessary and inevitable. He was sure of himself as he returned to Claire. It was almost an exultant surprise, which left upon him no sign of spiritual or physical torment. He was possessed now by memories which blessed even as they burned. It was as if somewhere in him were a little song, a part of himself, which said: "I have a room whereunto no one enters save I, alone. There sits a memory on a throne. There my life centers." Caria was the memory. He made no effort to turn away from the truth, or harden himself in his contemplation of it. Some one had said that memory was a paradise from which Fate could not drive one. And the room which had built itself in his heart could never be leveled or taken away from him. It was indestructible like a soul.

Claire, in a way, became the keeper at the door. Because of her he had closed it, and because of her he would never open it except to himself. He could conceive of no one but Claire in this sacred place. A long time ago, when he was a boy, there had been in his room a picture of an angel with snowy wings and golden hair. She seemed to be floating through clouds, and he remembered that his first ideas of heaven came from this angel and that she inspired him to ask questions which his mother sometimes found difficult to answer. The picture had always remained in his mind. It recurred to him in thinking of Claire. It was impossible for him to feel resentment against her in fact, or even a desire to change it, in going to her. There were occasional women at whose breasts the world found its spiritual glory. Claire, he knew, was one of them—like the angel in his room. It was he who had been the misfit in their lives, and this defect in himself he was prepared to remedy—if he could.

He read Claire's telegram many times on the way south. He tried to read between its lines. He tried to understand more clearly the change which had come over her. Derwent had told him how she had watched where the water roared out of the chasm. "Whiter than death, as if she would die unless you came out alive," he had said. And Caria: "She loves you. She wants you." And now her own words on the yellow paper in his hand, entreating him to come to her as quickly as he could. There was a strange singing in his heart and a dull grief. If she should love him—at last—like that. After years of waiting, and hoping, and of yearning for a woman to be a part of him—children—a home he had dreamed of—

He folded the telegram for a last time and put it in his pocket.

He was seeing the tears in Caria's eyes.

CHAPTER XIII

Paul had told only Claire that he was on his way to her. At the station a familiar face came out of the hurrying streams of humanity to greet him. It was Jimmy Enneredale, whose presence always gave him greater comfort than that of any other man. He had known Enneredale for a long time, and Claire had grown up with him like a sister. Jimmy had always seemed older than Paul, with a premature grayness in his hair and a slight stoop in his thin, sensitive body. His affection for Paul possessed the unchangeable quality of the marble out of which he was slowly and persistently chiseling his fame as sculptor. He had been working in the West, and Paul had not seen him for a year. Enneredale had grown older in that time, he thought. His face was thinner, his hair whiter over his temples, his physical tone even less robust than when he had seen him last. He had the same quick, nervous alertness about him, and it did Paul good to see the gladness in his face as they gripped hands. He knew that Claire, unable to meet him herself, had sent Jimmy in her place.

"She is like a child, waiting for you," said Enneredale, as they rode toward his home. "I was there with mother last evening, and she asked me to meet you. She cried and laughed and is dammably happy. If you don't mind, I'd like to come over when you two have settled down, and have you tell me about this monstrous happening. May I?"

"You know you don't need an invitation," said Paul. "Come tomorrow."

He had an odd feeling of not knowing what was going to happen as he left Enneredale and entered his home. He would feel himself under a strain roused by the nearness of explanations which it was Claire's right to hear and his duty to make. It would be hard to talk about Caria, as he must, even should Claire in her wisdom ask for nothing.

Claire was waiting for him in her room. This act of thoughtfulness pleased him. She knew that in a peculiarly embarrassing moment she should be alone. Both were sensitive, each a little fearful of what one or the other might betray in their first greeting. He was thinking this when he went to her. As her door closed behind him, his first impression was of a room filled with flowers. Claire, like Caria, loved them. The air was delicately fragrant with their perfume. Claire was bending over a mass of white roses when he entered, and then came toward him with both hands held out. She did not put her arms about him or offer him her lips, yet never had he seen such a light of happiness shining in her eyes. He made a movement to kiss her, but she drew back in such a way that her face seemed scarcely to be repelling him.

"Not now, Paul. Not until we have talked. Then, if you want to kiss me, you may."

She was astonishingly free of the tension which he had anticipated, and as she stood with her fingers clasped warmly about his, telling him how glad she was that he was alive, and how doomed to despair and unhappiness she would have been if he had not lived to return to her, he wondered if it were Claire, his wife, who was talking to him, or another Claire—some one he had never known. For she seemed, all at once, to have drawn herself farther away from him than she had ever been, but in such a sweet and friendly way that the change in her seemed one which could not bring hurt with it.

It was Claire's fight that was hard est. It was going to take a Joan of Arc courage to say what she had planned to say.

She made him sit near her, so they were facing each other.

"Paul, we are going to be honest. You will promise me that?"

He knew he was preparing to equivocate as he gave his word. All to save Claire from hurt was more creditable than truth. The impulse to shield her, to keep from her all suspicion of his love for Caria, swept over him as he looked at her. She was like the flowers on the table, as easily crushed, he thought. More vividly than ever he saw the difference between her and Caria. Caria would fight on through tragedy, even to death. Claire, suffering more, would droop and fade like a petal in a rose, shrinking from the quicker and more physical action which the other would find for himself. He was not analyzing himself, or her. The thought—like a picture—impressed itself upon him, and Claire, gazing at him in these calm, introspective moments, as if partly seeing the swift visioning in his mind, surprised him by saying:

"Paul, I wonder if you know, just how much I honor and respect you. I wonder if you realize how fine you are. I have failed to play my part as your wife. I have not let you know these things as I should. The fault in our lives is not yours. It is mine. I think I could have made you love me. Yet I saw the unfairness of it unless I could make myself love you first. I hoped and prayed for that.

"There wasn't love when we were married, on either side. You did not love me, not in the way you wanted to love a woman, and my feeling for you was an immeasurable respect and admiration for an honorable gentleman. It seems trite and superficial to say that the interests of our families brought us together, does it not? But it is true. I wanted to love you. But I discovered—after a little while—that something was in my way."

"I know," he found himself saying. "You couldn't love an animal. Claire, I was blind the day you came to the Mistassini. I have been blind and brutal. God knows I am only half worthy of you!"

"And Caria?"

So softly did his wife speak Caria's name that for a moment it seemed as if he had not heard it.

"We have promised ourselves to be honest," she continued. "Do you remember a letter I wrote you from Paris in which I said I was coming to you and that I was sure a more important thing would happen for us in your woods than any journey, like your promised one around the world, could give?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Do you know—now—why I told you that?"

"I have only wondered."

It was because I had seen, because I had read between the lines of your letters, because I knew at last a great love had come into your life, and that Caria Haldan had brought it to you. You love Caria, not me. You love Caria. And, loving her, you would sacrifice everything for my sake."

His fabric of lies was gone, his soul laid bare under the gaze of his wife's eyes.

"I want to hear you say it Paul." She was repeating Caria's words when pered to him in the blackness of the earth. "That is why I came to you there. A woman may hide her love from a man, but not from another woman, and it was impossible for Caria to keep her secret from me. Yours was still more open, though I saw you making a magnificent fight I know, Paul. But I want to hear it from your lips. I must hear it. Do you love Caria Haldan?"

"Yes, I love her."

"More than any other woman in the world?"

"I could only love one woman in that way."

He was conscious of having struck a deadly blow, a hurt he would rather have died than inflict upon Claire. It had dragged itself from him in spite of his determination, and he waited for his punishment, its effect on her. Claire's eyes did not waver. She did not flinch. A starry, radiant light came into her face, and she gave a breathless, half-articulate cry, not of shock or of pain, but of joy. He saw the blood flushing her cheeks, the tenseness leaving her body, and they sat for a time in silence, neither making an effort to speak.

Then he said:

"I thought I would hurt you. And you are glad?"

"Yes, I am glad. I thank God you love Caria."

She rose to her feet, and took a letter from the table. She was trying to keep from crying as she gave it to him.

"I want you to read it and then come back to me," she said. "This evening, if you will, Paul. I lack the courage to tell you things. You will understand when you open it, alone."

He went to the Kirke-Durand building and lost himself in the human stream going up with the elevators. On one of the floors was an office, always ready for him. He shut himself in and locked the door.

He opened the letter. There were many pages, closely written in Claire's hand. With almost childish candor they began to tell him of a woman's fight to triumph over herself. Like an indestructible redolence they breathed the sureness of Claire's faith in herself. Without emotional effort she told him that unless Caria had come into his life she would never have let him know what she was about to reveal. There was no man in the world more worthy of a woman's love than he, she said. Yet, from the beginning, she had been unable to build her marriage upon affirmation into greater things she should have given him. That was one reason why, repelling the thought of making him care greatly for her when she could not love him, she had drawn herself farther away from him than she had ever been, but in such a sweet and friendly way that the change in her seemed one which could not bring hurt with it.

It was Claire's fight that was hard est. It was going to take a Joan of Arc courage to say what she had planned to say.

She made him sit near her, so they were facing each other.

"Paul, we are going to be honest. You will promise me that?"

He knew he was preparing to equivocate as he gave his word. All to save Claire from hurt was more creditable than truth. The impulse to shield her, to keep from her all suspicion of his love for Caria, swept over him as he looked at her. She was like the flowers on the table, as easily crushed, he thought. More vividly than ever he saw the difference between her and Caria. Caria would fight on through tragedy, even to death. Claire, suffering more, would droop and fade like a petal in a rose, shrinking from the quicker and more physical action which the other would find for himself. He was not analyzing himself, or her. The thought—like a picture—impressed itself upon him, and Claire, gazing at him in these calm, introspective moments, as if partly seeing the swift visioning in his mind, surprised him by saying:

"Paul, I wonder if you know, just how much I honor and respect you. I wonder if you realize how fine you are. I have failed to play my part as your wife. I have not let you know these things as I should. The fault in our lives is not yours. It is mine. I think I could have made you love me. Yet I saw the unfairness of it unless I could make myself love you first. I hoped and prayed for that.

"There wasn't love when we were married, on either side. You did not love me, not in the way you wanted to love a woman, and my feeling for you was an immeasurable respect and admiration for an honorable gentleman. It seems trite and superficial to say that the interests of our families brought us together, does it not? But it is true. I wanted to love you. But I discovered—after a little while—that something was in my way."

"I know," he found himself saying. "You couldn't love an animal. Claire, I was blind the day you came to the Mistassini. I have been blind and brutal. God knows I am only half worthy of you!"

"And Caria?"

So softly did his wife speak Caria's name that for a moment it seemed as if he had not heard it.

"We have promised ourselves to be honest," she continued. "Do you remember a letter I wrote you from Paris in which I said I was coming to you and that I was sure a more important thing would happen for us in your woods than any journey, like your promised one around the world, could give?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Do you know—now—why I told you that?"

"I have only wondered."

It was because I had seen, because I had read between the lines of your letters, because I knew at last a great love had come into your life, and that Caria Haldan had brought it to you. You love Caria, not me. You love Caria. And, loving her, you would sacrifice everything for my sake."

His fabric of lies was gone, his soul laid bare under the gaze of his wife's eyes.

"I want to hear you say it Paul." She was repeating Caria's words when pered to him in the blackness of the earth. "That is why I came to you there. A woman may hide her love from a man, but not from another woman, and it was impossible for Caria to keep her secret from me. Yours was still more open, though I saw you making a magnificent fight I know, Paul. But I want to hear it from your lips. I must hear it. Do you love Caria Haldan?"

"Yes, I love her."

"More than any other woman in the world?"

"I could only love one woman in that way."

He was conscious of having struck a deadly blow, a hurt he would rather have died than inflict upon Claire. It had dragged itself from him in spite of his determination, and he waited for his punishment, its effect on her. Claire's eyes did not waver. She did not flinch. A starry, radiant light came into her face, and she gave a breathless, half-articulate cry, not of shock or of pain, but of joy. He saw the blood flushing her cheeks, the tenseness leaving her body, and they sat for a time in silence, neither making an effort to speak.

Then he said:

"I thought I would hurt you. And you are glad?"

"Yes, I am glad. I thank God you love Caria."

She rose to her feet, and took a letter from the table. She was trying to keep from crying as she gave it to him.

"I want you to read it and then come back to me," she said. "This evening, if you will, Paul. I lack the courage to tell you things. You will understand when you open it, alone."

He went to the Kirke-Durand building and lost himself in the human stream going up with the elevators. On one of the floors was an office, always ready for him. He shut himself in and locked the door.

He opened the letter. There were many pages, closely written in Claire's hand. With almost childish candor they began to tell him of a woman's fight to triumph over herself. Like an indestructible redolence they

QUIVERING NERVES

Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

When you are just on edge . . . when your can't stand the children's noise . . . when everything is a burden . . . when you are irritable and blue . . . try this medicine. 98 out of 100 women report benefit.

It will give you just the extra energy you need. Life will seem worth living again.

man like Paul Kirke should deliberately sever himself from the huge prestige and wealth built by his father's success, and, as the story went, bear away with him all his personal possessions in a trunk and a handbag. It could understand, quite easily, how a husband and wife might end their marital relationship, but it was puzzled and shocked that a woman like Claire Kirke should throw herself away, soon afterward, on a stoop-shouldered, prematurely ageing man who was possessed of nothing on earth but an admirable passion for shaping things out of marble.

* * * * * * *

Caria always sits on her porch so that she is looking up the river toward the north. Paul is there, working out a part of the dream which absorbs them both. Thirty miles beyond the green and blue-black edge of wilderness which she can see Paul has a timber concession, and fifteen men working with him, where a little while before he might have had fifteen thousand. But these fifteen men, and what they are planning to do with the concession, mean more to Paul and Caria than all the millions in the world.

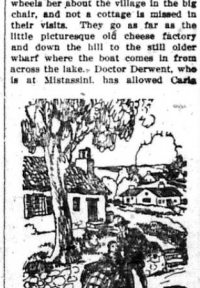
"It is not necessary to slaughter Nature, or even harm her, in order to possess for ourselves some of her products," Paul says in a paper he is writing for a pulp-wood journal. "There is such a thing as harvesting timber and having a better forest each year instead of a diminished one. Nature wants to fraternize with us, and will, when we cease to sack and plunder her like vandals."

Next year the fifteen men will be increased to fifty, but now camps are being built and just enough timber harvested to cover the expense of the work. Paul labors with his ax, along with the others, from morning until night.

Every Friday he comes down the river to Caria.

Caria knows that she is going to get strong and well. This mental attitude, her sureness and optimism, together with her great happiness, has overcome the doubt of physicians. She is beginning to stand a little, with Paul's arms about her, and their two precious days a week together are filled with wonderful plans of what she is going to do in another year, Whatever Paul is, there she will also be. That is the point from which they always start in building their castles.

No shadow is cast over their happiness because Caria cannot walk. Paul wheels her about the village in the big chair, and not a cottage is missed in their visits. They go as far as the little picturesque old cheese factory and down the hill to the still older wharf where the boat comes in from across the lake. Doctor Derwent, who is at Mistassini, has allowed Caria



No Shadow Is Cast Over Their Happiness Because Caria Cannot Walk.

to go twice to the monastery, in Paul's launch, and if October is fine she will make her first trip to his concession during that month. Paul takes her over the soft, sandy roads to the edge of the blueberry plains in a buggy, and then carries her in his arms to a place where she can help him pick fruit for their Sunday dinner. He will never give up carrying her like that, he says, even when she is strong again.

Peribonka has grown happier with them. Even Maria Chapdelaine is younger, and Samuel has forgotten his financial losses.

So Caria wrote to Claire:

"It is glorious here. I love September."

[THE END.]

Apple's Subtle Emanations Influence Other Vegetables

The apple is a most mysterious fruit, the British Association of Refrigeration agreed when their president, during their recent convention in London, made the following assertion:

"A stream of air which has passed over an apple contains some subtle emanations which profoundly influence other vegetable forms. Potatoes placed in the stream either do not sprout or, if they do, the sprouts are misshapen dwarfs, more like warts than anything else. Bananas are excited to a much more rapid ripening than ordinarily.

"It is only elderly apples which pour out these emanations, and the effect on young unripe apples is again curious, for they are stirred to more rapid progress. They ripen more quickly. It is as though the elderly apple were jealous of youth, and would destroy it."

The nature of those emanations is unknown. They are chemical individuals, "their physiological activity must be prodigious, equaling or even exceeding that of snake venom. . . . Of what use is this power? Why can it so influence its fellow vegetables? In that lies the puzzle."

Perhaps the emanations explain what warehousers of apples have known for a long time, that "there is a kind of communal life, a herd quality, in apples when stored together. They tend to and, indeed, they do ripen at much the same rate."—Time Magazine.

Swastika or Svastika Is Symbol of Unknown Origin

The Swastika or Svastika is a symbol of unknown origin and was early introduced into India, apparently in connection with sun-worship, says the Montreal Herald. It is thought to have represented the flame of sacred fire, the sun, or, more probably, that of lightning. It appears either as a cross in a circle or as a cross with the arms bent at right angles. The latter symbol is found in heraldic and ecclesiastical work in Christian countries as well as in the catacombs and is known there as the fylfot. Medieval mystic writers derived it from the Greek letter gamma which they thought suggestive of Christ as the cornerstone. It is, however, remarkably widespread and is seen on objects exhumed from Troy and in early Indian and Chinese art. It is also found on rock carvings in Britain and in Celtic stones in Britain and in Mexico and Peru. It means benediction, health, good omen and nowadays is generally a symbol of friendship.

Emblem on American Dime Was Handed Down by Aesop

The idea for the emblem that appears on the American dime originally belonged to Aesop, who wrote his fables in the Sixth century B. C. The device means "In union there is strength," which is the moral brought out by Aesop.

The ancient Romans used the emblem, with seven sticks, as a badge of authority for the Lictors.

The emblem was adopted by the United States, with 13 sticks, representing the colonies, to show that all had been united by uniting; and at that time the motto, "E pluribus unum," meaning "one from many," was also adopted. Both the emblem and the motto have been official since the birth of the United States.

Mussolini adopted the idea from the original source for the same purpose of showing that in unity there is strength.—Pathfinder Magazine.

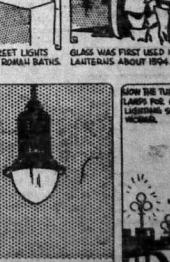
BUD 'n' BUB

GAS LIGHTING WAS FIRST USED AT BADMORE IN 1617.

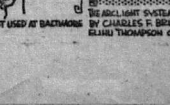
HISTORY OF STREET LIGHTING

By ED KRESSY

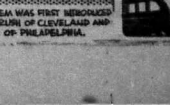
IN THE YEAR 200AD TALLOW STREET LIGHTS WERE USED AT THE ENTRANCE OF ROMAN BATHS.



GLASS WAS FIRST USED IN PARIS STREET LANTERNS ABOUT 1504.

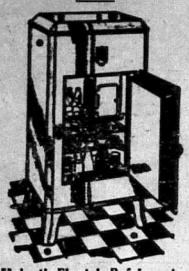


THE ARC LIGHT SYSTEM WAS FIRST INTRODUCED BY CHARLES F. BRUSH OF CLEVELAND AND ELIHU THOMPSON OF PHILADELPHIA.



HOW THE TUNGSTEN GAS-FILLED LAMPS FOR OUR CITY STREET LIGHTING SYSTEMS THROUGH THE NIGHTS.

WILSON'S HARDWARE !



Majestic Electric Refrigerator

100 per cent. efficient insulation. Silent, free-running, rotary compressor.

31 per cent. more efficient than any other refrigerator of similar type.

We invite your inspection.

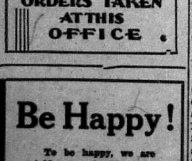
D. B. WILSON,
Phone 138

W. R. McGREER, Grocer
Phone 226. Dundas St.
Where Prices tell, and Quality Sells
Personal Delivery Service
Napanee, - Ontario
Opposite Howitt's Marble Works. 32

Spring Coats
Ladies' and Gents'
Dry Cleaned and Pressed
75c.
All Modern Machinery Used.
Chas. Giles
Phone 288
Opposite Howitt's Monument Works
23-3m

Harvest Tools
Hay Forks, special 75c
Fly Spray, Bug Killer, Arsenate Lead, Arsenate Lime, Paris Green, Sprayers that spray, Hay Fork Rope, Machine Oil.
BOYLE & SON
36-1-p

John Street
Barber Shop
(One door south of Express Printing Office)
We specialize in
Ladies', Men's and Children's
Hair Cutting
SANITARY SERVICE
WE AIM TO PLEASE
We solicit your trade
Fred S. Scott, - Prop.



COUNTER CHECK BOOKS
CARBON LEAF
CARBON BACK
STYLES
—Or—
ORDERS TAKEN AT THIS OFFICE

Be Happy!
To be happy, we are told, we should make others happy. We'll help you to be happy—If your subscription is in arrears, pay it—you can be assured of our happiness.
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Taken to Burwash.

J. Ralston, Acting Bailiff for the Province, was in Napanee last week and had four prisoners removed to the Ontario Reformatory at Burwash.

To Locate at Newburgh.

Mr. Willis Galbraith, who has been associated with Mr. Harrington in the tonsorial business on Dundas street, has gone to Newburgh where he has opened a shop. Mr. Clarence Vine has taken Mr. Galbraith's place.

Gibbards Won.

The Gibbard Athletic "A" team scored a decisive win over Brighton in the latter village on Wednesday afternoon. The score was 6-2, and Fred Bentley went the entire route for the Athletics. Several of the fans accompanied the team.

Held Concluding Service.

The concluding communion service, under the ministry of Rev. W. P. Woodger, took place on Sunday morning, with a large number of communicants in attendance. On Sunday next Mr. Woodger will preach his farewell sermons in Grace Church.

Delivered an Address at Wilton.

E. J. Corkill, Ex-Inspector of Public Schools, was the guest speaker at the regular meeting of the Woman's Institute of Wilton, which was held on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Corkill selected as his subject, "Education," and was tendered a vote of thanks at the conclusion of his address.

Weiner Roast.

On Tuesday evening the officers and members of Napanee Chapter No. 151, O.E.S., had planned to go to Springside Park for a weiner roast, but the weather turned very cool, and it was decided to have the refreshments in the banquet hall adjoining the Chapter room. There was a splendid attendance.

Arrested for Perjury.

Fred Bush was taken into custody by Provincial Officer John Kelly on Thursday on an alleged charge of perjury, in connection with the evidence which Bush gave at the trial which was held several days ago in connection with the Wm. Baker case. This makes the fifth arrest in Napanee on this charge, four of the previous charges having resulted in convictions.

Sunday School Class Picnic.

On Monday evening of last week the Live Wires Class of Trinity Sunday School of which Miss Elsie Parks is the teacher, held a picnic at Springside Park, which was well attended. The night was quite cool but the twenty-five or more who were present had a very enjoyable time. Songs were sung, and stories were told, and the event ended with the serving of delicious refreshments.

The Rotary Dance.

George Vankoughnett was the winner of the $10.00 worth of groceries which was given in connection with the Rotary dance held on the market square on Wednesday night. Although the night was chilly there was a large attendance, and excellent music was furnished by the Collegians orchestra. The refreshment booth was in charge of the convener, Mark Graham, and he had several assistants.

Executive Meeting.

An executive meeting of the Belleville Presbytery was held at Trinity United Church, when the following attended: Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, of Newburgh; Rev. J. E. Beckel, Bay Circuit; Rev. W. D. Harrison, of Desoronto; and H. C. Martin, of Stirling. It was arranged to have the first meeting of the Presbytery at Stirling on Tuesday, September 19th, and preparations were made at this meeting with the agenda for the meeting to be held in September. Matters concerning the Ministerial Emergency Fund also came up for discussion. This was the final meeting of the executive for this conference year.

Funeral of the late Luther Hawley.

The esteem in which the late Luther Hawley was held throughout North Frederickburgh, particularly the Bethany district, was evidenced on Tuesday afternoon last when the Bethany church was filled for the funeral service, which was conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. E. Beckel. There were several lovely floral tributes and Mr. Beckel during his discourse, referred to the regard in which the deceased was held by his friends. A brother, Earl Hawley, and Mrs. Hawley, who reside in the west, arrived home for the funeral. The pall bearers were Fred Spencer, Henry Smith, John Gault, Jos. Hicks, W. B. Nolan and Wm. Goodman, Sr. Interment took place in the Bethany cemetery.

Left for England.

Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., E.R.C.S., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario, accompanied by John A. Rowland, Past Grand Master, left on Thursday for England where they will be gone about six weeks. They are representing the Grand Lodge of Ontario at the dedication ceremonies of the Masonic Memorial Temple which was erected in London by the Grand Lodge of England, in memory of the Masons who fell during the Great War. Mr. Herrington and Mr. Rowland will also visit lodges in Europe. The Duke of Connaught ,Grand Master in England, will preside at the dedication ceremonies, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are to assist.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

REV. HARRY PAWSON, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Morning Worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.
Evening service withdrawn in recognition of the closing service of Mr. Woodger's pastorate in Grace Church.

SPECIAL !

Special discount on Ballance Lawn Mower to clear. Good buy. At BOYLE & SON.

Attended Church Service.

Several brethren from Union Lodge No. 9, A.F.&A.M., motored to Tamworth on Sunday afternoon and attended the Masonic church service, the officers and brethren of Lorne Lodge attending the Anglican Church.

Market.

There was an abundance of strawberries on the market on Saturday, and the prevailing prices were 15c. and 2 for 25c. The showers on Thursday and Friday helped the berries to a considerable extent, but more rain is needed. There was a fairly good market with an abundance of garden produce and poultry. The selling was fairly good.

Change of Teachers.

Mrs. Hudgins has resigned her position as teacher at School Section 15W, River Road, and will in September teach at Selby. Mrs. Hudgins has been the teacher at this school for the past four and a half years. This makes the second vacancy in the schools in North Fredericksburgh near Napanee, Miss Way having been recently appointed teacher in the West Ward school, Napanee, in succession to Miss Jessie Mair.

Dying—Probably the Richest, Certainly the Most Mysterious Man in Europe.

An article, revealing astounding events in the strange life of Sir Basil Zaharoff who is reputed to have built his enormous fortune on death, destruction and misery, stirring wars and revolutions, so he might sell shot and shell from his munition factories—yet still hiding his real name and nationality, will appear in The American Weekly, with next Sunday's Detroit Times.

Presentation.

On Saturday afternoon, the Sunday school class of Grace Church, of which Mrs. Fred J. VanAlstyne is the teacher, held a delightful picnic at Springside Park, and during the afternoon a very interesting event took place when Miss Ruth Woodger was presented with a lovely bracelet, to which she made a fitting acknowledgement. Miss Woodger leaves with her parents for Cobourg next week, where her father will assume the pastorate of Trinity United Church. Delicious refreshments were served.

Gibbards Won.

The Gibbard Athletics "A" team played an exhibition game in Cobourg on Saturday afternoon, and won by the score of 5-2. Freddie Bentley did the bulk of the pitching for Gibbards, and held the Cobourg team in check. Tommy Pointer also was on the mound for a few innings. Belleville Victorias play a league game in Napanee on Wednesday afternoon, which promises to be one of the best games of the season. Splendid progress is being made with the new diamond north of the Collegiate Institute, and it is expected the park will be in readiness by July 1st.

Blute-McDonald.

A wedding of much interest to Napaneeans was solemnized the past week at St. Michael's Church, Belleville, when Miss Helena McDonald became the bride of Mr. Alphonso Blute, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Blute, of Toronto, formerly of Napanee. The bridesmaid was Miss Catherine McDonald, sister of the bride, and assisting the groom was Mr. Jas. Killorin, of Napanee. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Monsignor Nicholson. The happy couple left after the wedding on a trip through the Eastern States and on their return will reside in Toronto, where the groom is on the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The parents of the groom resided in Napanee for many years, and the groom attended school here.

Death of J. F. VanEvery.

The sudden passing of Mr. J. F. Van Every, for over twenty years teacher in Toronto, will be learned with regret by his friends in Napanee. Mr. VanEvery was a member of the teaching staff of the Collegiate Institute many years ago, and Mrs. VanEvery is a daughter of Mrs. S. A. Templeton and the late William Templeton. During his residence in Napanee, Mr. VanEvery attended St. Andrew's Church. The wedding of his son took place only a few days ago. The death of Mr. Van Every makes the third among ex-teachers of Napanee during the past few weeks. The other two were U. J. Flach, principal of the Collegiate Institute at Carleton Place, and Dr. C. H .Edwards, principal of the Bi-Lingual School at Ottawa, who was a former principal of the Napanee public schools.

Car Glass !

Windshields and door glass cut to any size. Portland Cement—Fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH

Rev. Canon R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services for Sunday, June 25th.

10 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.

11 a.m.—Holy Communion and Sermon.

7 p.m.—Evensong and Sermon.

Underwent Operation.

Mr. P. U. Laidley was rushed to the Kingston general hospital on Sunday night where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. His condition is satisfactory.

Released from Custody.

On Saturday Fred Bush, who was in custody a few days ago on an alleged charge of perjury in connection with evidence which was given several days ago, was released.

Coal Shipment.

The bardge, Cadwell, arrived in the Napanee river on Monday morning with 580 tons of coal for the Napanee Fuel and Supply Co. This is the third shipment which has reached Napanee during the past week.

Delightful Garden Party.

A garden tea, under the auspices of the V.O.N., was held Friday, June 16th, at the home of Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C. Miss N. Herrington received the guests on the beautiful lawn which was so attractive with June flowers. Mrs. Sarah Thompson and Mrs. Bedore poured tea at the attractive table in the dining room. Tickets were sold on a basket of groceries and a toilet set. Mrs. McNaughton held the lucky number for the basket, and Mrs. Hughson for the toilet set. Although the day was not ideal the committee was very pleased with the returns.

A. Y. P. A.

The members of the Anglican Young People's Association were entertained at a very enjoyable social evening at the home of the President, Chief Edwin Watts, on Monday evening, June 19th. There were about thirty-five present. The evening was spent in playing cards and dancing. Dainty refreshments were served about eleven o'clock after which one of the members moved a vote of thanks to the Chief and Mrs. Watts for their kindness in entertaining the Association. After a few more dances the guests left for their homes, all having had an enjoyable evening.

Automobile Burned Near Arden.

Following the explosion of the gasolene tank the new automobile owned by Ross Barr, Arden, which was parked on the road about a mile and a half east of the village, burst into flames and within a few minutes was reduced to virtually a total wreck about 9.30 Monday morning. The explosion and fire is thought to be the work of vandals. Mrs. Sadie Scott and Mrs. Wm. Wilkie, both of Arden, had driven the car from the village that morning on a berry-picking trip and had left the machine parked on the roadside. After they had been picking berries for about half an hour they heard an explosion and upon going to the road found the car in flames.

Dr. C. H. Edwards.

Ottawa, June 13.—Stricken with a heart attack at his summer home, Dr. C. H. Edwards, for some twenty years Principal of the Bilingual School in Ottawa, died today at the age of 63 years. Born in Warsaw, Ont., C. H. Edwards was the son of the late Joseph and Mrs. Edwards. He attended Norwood High School and Queen's University, Kingston and taught school in Warsaw, Keene, Napanee and Ottawa. Mrs. Edwards died about two years ago. Surviving are three daughters: Edith and Myrtle, in Ottawa, and Mabel, in Kingston; a sister, Mabel ,resides in Battleford, Sask. Arthur of Warsaw ,and David and Frederick of Toronto are brothers. The funeral was held at Ottawa on Thursday last.

Band Concert.

The Citizens' Band will give the following programme on Friday evening, June 22nd, in the Harvey Warner Park:

March to the park—Chief of Staff.

Programme :

March—Colonel Bogey.
Grand Selection—Songs from the Old Folks.
March—The Connecticut March.
Baritone Solo—Polka Euphonius—Mr. R. Norris.
Waltz—Pride of the Ball.

Intermission

Overture—The Elves.
March—The Billboard March.
Cornet Solo—Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes—Mr. A. E. Smith.
March—The Little Bugler.
Sacred Overture—Throw Out the Life Line.

God Save the King.

At the recent meeting of Prince Edward County Council all grants previously made to hospitals, school fairs ,agricultural societies and libraries were cut off.

IN LIGHER VEIN

"I'm glad you're so impressed, dear, by these explanations I've been making about banking and economics," remarked the young husband.

"Yes, darling. It seems wonderful that anybody could know as much as you do about money without having any of it."

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30 a.m.—Class Meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship. These will be the closing services of Mr. Woodger's ministry.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

ROTARY CLUB NEWS

At the weekly luncheon on Tuesday, Mr. Harry Card, chairmah of the Field Day Committee, reported a profit of $235.00 for the Crippled Children's Fund of the Club.

Rev. "Wen" Woodger made his farewell address to the Club, and was presented with a handsome desk pen set, in remembrance of his association and work in the Napanee Rotary Club. Mr. J. E. Robinson expressed the thanks of the Club to Mr. Woodger for his past services, and Mr. Chas. Walters made the presentation.

The incoming president, Mr. Geo. J. Tustin, announced his list of committees for the following year as follows:

COMMITTEES 1933-1934

Board of Directors—
Geo. J. Tustin, Chairman; Harry Card, P. U. Laidley, Geo. Cowle, C. A. Walters, W. T. MacKenzie, W. P. Woodger.

Aims and Objects Committee—
Geo. J. Tustin, Chairman; W. A. Grange, H. Card, P. U. Laidley, Geo. Cowle.

Club Service Committee—
P. U. Laidley, Chairman; J. E. Robinson, H. Boyle, H. VanLuven, R. S. Wales.

Classification—
J. Roblin, R. S. Wales, J. H. Moffat.

Membership—
W. T. MacKenzie, W. S. Wilson, J. H. Moffat.

Fellowship—
H. Scott, W. MacKenzie, A. Mackinnon, J. E. Robinson, E. J. Pollard.

Programme—
J. M. Simpson, H. Boyle, W. S. Wilson, C. E. Jamieson, W. J. Wiggins, D. Mayhew, C. A. Walters, B. M. Black.

Public Information—
E. J. Pollard, B. M. Black.

Attendance—
B. M. Black, J. Light, V. Zender, P. Ganas, J. E. Robinson.

Music—
W. Gray, A. Pringle, E. J. Pollard, H. Scott, C. A. Walters.

Vocational Service Committee—
Geo. Cowle, Chairman; J. H. Moffat, A. Kimmerly, J. M. Simpson, J. Roblin.

Community Service Committee—
Harry Card, Chairman; W. S. Wilson, M. P. Graham, Geo. Switzer, A. L. Dafoe.

Crippled Children—
M. P. Graham, A. L. Dafoe, J. Adams, A. Pringle, H. VanLuven.

Rural Urban—
R. S. Wales, A. Kimmerly, Geo. Switzer, J. L. Boyes, J. Light.

Boys' Work—
W. J. Wiggins, P. U. Laidley, V. Zender, A. Mackinnon, D. Mayhew, J. Adams, H. Beattie.

International Service Committee—
W. A. Grange, Chairman; C. E. Jamieson, P. Ganas, H. Beattie, T. B. Wallace.

For industrial application, the average yield of alcohol from wheat in Continental practice is one gallon of absolute alcohol from approximately 28 pounds of wheat.—Dominion Division of Chemistry.

ROBLIN

Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Volney Woods on Tuesday evening of next week, June 27th, when the Marlbank Aid will be guests and give the program.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Sutherland, of Oswego, visited Mr. and Mrs. D. Richmond and other friends here last week.

Mrs. Melville Dafoe and son Nellis, of West Plain, and Mrs. F. McConnell, Sr., motored to Toronto on Monday last to visit their sister, Mrs. T. Burley and other relatives, returning home on Saturday.

Mrs. Major, of Shawville, Que., is visiting her son and wife, Rev. and Mrs. Major.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson McKeown, Newburgh Road, and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. VanAlstyne, Napanee, spent the tea hour on Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lasher.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Vine and family and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith and Rowena, of Napanee, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kimmett.

A number of the W. I. members attended the District Annual in Napanee on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ramsay, of Newburgh, attended church here on Sunday evening. Mrs. Ramsay rendered a delightful solo.

Mr. Peter Hart has purchased the garage formerly owned and operated by the late Wm. Haynes.

Both Canada and the United Kingdom surplanted the United States in 1932 as the chief supplier of ham to Jamaica, Canada taking first place.

Wonderland!

Napanee's Favorite Place of Amusement

OUR SCREEN SPEAKS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Her greatest dramatic roll, BARBARA STAMVICK, in

"FORBIDDEN"

with ADOLPH MENYOU and RALPH BELLAMY. A Frank Capra production.

Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"20,000 YEARS IN SING SING"

by Warden Lewis E. Lawes, with SPENCER TRACY, BETTE DAVIS and ARTHUR BYRON.

Better than "A Fugitive of a Chain Gang."

Also a 2-reel Comedy and News Reel.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Don't go to bed girls ..... because you won't sleep after MAURICE CHEVALIER tells

"A BED-TIME STORY"

with HELEN TWELVETREES, ED. HORTON, ADRIENNE AMES and BABY LEROY.

Also a good Comedy, Cartoon, and other reels.

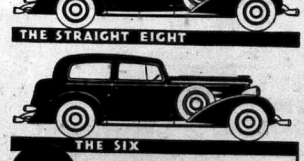
Coming soon, "42nd STREET."

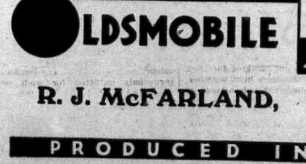
TUESDAY NIGHT is "DINNERWARE NIGHT."

Free Installation !
---of---
Hot Water Heaters
As supplied by the Hydro Electric Power Commission
Have the convenience of continuous automatic hot water heating in your home. Installation does not cost you anything. All heaters automatically controlled. Get particulars from
Vine's Electric Shop
Market Square

DOMINION DAY WEEKEND BARGAIN TRIP TO
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Via London-Port Stanley and "C & B" Str. "CITY OF BUFFALO"
Going, June 30 (Standard Time)
Lv. Napanee— 2.02 a. m.
Ar. Cleveland— 7.30 p. m.
Returning
Lv. Cleveland— 8.30 a. m., July 2nd, via same route.
Tickets sold subject to passenger meeting immigration requirements of U. S. A.
$8.05 RETURN Canadian Funds
REDUCED HOTEL RATES IN CLEVELAND
See posters for details.
ATTRACTION — Baseball — Cleveland "Indexes" vs. Cleveland "INDIANS."
Children usual half-fare.
Tickets good in coaches only.
No baggage checked.
Ticket sale limited by capacity of Steamer. Purchase early to avoid dissapointment
Tickets and Information from J. L. Boyes & Son and Depot Offices, Napanee, Ont.
CANADIAN NATIONAL
T—92

SETTING THE STYLE FOR 1933





OLDSMOBILE
Six and Straight Eight

EACH year, a small group of automobiles comes to the fore as creators of style. And of these, one usually stands out by reason of its compelling and original design. For 1933 that car is Oldsmobile . . . a brilliant Six and Straight Eight* in the ultra-modern "Airstream" manner.

Fleet and graceful though Oldsmobile's modish lines are, they can convey only an impression of the car's advanced performance. For this model surpasses even previous Oldsmobiles in sheer, breath-taking ability to do all things well.

You will begin to understand this when you see the new Oldsmobiles. You will be thoroughly convinced when you have driven them. A hearty welcome, and a real thrill await you at your Oldsmobile dealer's. He is eager to tell you about this "Completely Modern Car" which adds style leadership to proved dependability and economy . . . and offers all at substantially lowered prices.

O-63

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS

R. J. McFARLAND, Dealer
NAPANEE, ONT.

PRODUCED IN CANADA

Ellen Meets Peggy's Brother

By RUTH ARNOLD

ELLEN BURKE, sitting in her chair in the pullman as the long train drew into the station at Philadelphia, tucked Peggy O'Connell's letter safely in her handbag. Ellen and Peggy had met on shipboard going to Europe a few months before with their respective parents, and had formed an enthusiastic friendship. This was helped along because Mr. and Mrs. Burke and Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell found each other congenial.

On the way home—for the Burkes and O'Connells had purposely returned to America by the same ship—Peggy had exacted a promise from Ellen to visit her as soon as she had unpacked her trunks. Ellen lived in a New York apartment. Peggy lived in a country house outside Philadelphia. And the two girls planned many good times in exchanging visits.

"As soon as you reach Broad street station," Peggy had written, "you telephone my brother John." And then she had given his telephone number and his office address. "He'll be expecting you, and will pick you up at the station and bring you out home in his car. As I've told you, I'm sure you and he are going to be crazy about each other."

Ellen had heard much from Peggy, in their many talks together that summer, about her brother John. And it must be admitted that part of her excitement at arriving in Peggy's home was that she would meet this paragon of a brother.

Ellen knew something of Philadelphia. And when there was some delay in getting John's office telephone she realized that she was only a few steps from his office.

"I'll just pop around and wait there," she thought. "It will save him trouble, and I'm early. I'd rather wait there than here."

So, carrying her small suitcase and matching hat box, Ellen walked the square or two to John O'Connell's office. She hesitingly opened the door labeled "John O'Connell, lawyer," then she entered the small waiting room. The room was full of girls, girls about her own age, girls younger and girls a good deal older.

"I'll just wait here until Mr. O'Connell is free," she said to an office boy, who grinned in answer.

Ellen wore, of course, sheer, light silk stockings. She wore gray suede shoes, trimmed with bands of snake-skin. Her hat was of soft gray velvet, that was lovely above her fair hair and blue eyes. Her frock was of gray crepe de chine.

Just as she had taken in all her surroundings a door marked private opened, and a homely, thirty-year-old woman, dressed in blue serge, serviceable and plain, emerged.

Behind her came a young man. Ellen's heart skipped a beat. It was John—she knew from a photograph Peggy always carried with her.

"You can all go now," he said to the other waiting girls. "The position is filled."

The other girls went out of the room. Ellen flushed and half smiled at John.

"What are you waiting for?" he followed him into his office.

"But," stammered Ellen, "I'm—" She followed him into his office.

"I know, I know. But the job is filled. And just for your own good, let me tell you you'll never get the kind of job a nice girl like you wants if you dress in duds like those. Did you see that girl I hired? Plain and reliable. The kind of a woman a man likes to have around all day. Not ugly, but just not noticeable and sure to have her mind on something besides clothes. Now run—anybody'd know you were thinking more about your looks than your work—and that doesn't do in an office."

"Don't feel offended," said the young man. "I'm just trying to give a bit of advice."

"But you're so stupid," said Ellen, as the door marked "Private" closed. And she picked up her two pretty little gray hats and walked back to the station. There she boarded the next local train to Peggy's home and explained to Peggy, when she got there that she hadn't been able to get her brother on the telephone. So Peggy promptly telephoned her brother not to wait.

When Ellen and John met that evening, John's eyes were openly admiring. Ellen, in soft white, with bare arms and no hat, did not at first recall the vision of gray that had disturbed his office that afternoon.

It was not until the next day when she and Peggy had lunch alone with him at a hotel that he recognized the again gray Ellen as his office visitor.

"Well, by love," he said in the middle of a mouthful of grapefruit, and he finished and stammered more than Ellen had done the day before. "Why—what must you have thought?"

Ellen, by this time was sure that John was all that Peggy had claimed for him—and more—smiled shyly.

"Well, what I thought then doesn't matter—any more than what you did, does it?"

And then they both laughed and told Peggy the joke. And all three knew, though they said nothing of the knowledge, that Ellen and John would laugh all their lives together over their first meeting.

Days of Snuff-Taking

In France, during the Sixteenth century, Catherine de Medici set the fashion of taking snuff for headache. During the period of the Louis' the making of boxes as well as the taking of snuff was regarded as a fine art. Louis XIV employed the best goldsmiths of France for the making of his snuff boxes and had studios built for them in the garden of the Tuileries. The boxes were often of great value and a French gallant prided himself on having a different box for each day of the year, some collections numbering as many as 600 and 900.

BATH

The following are the delegates to the district annual of the Woman's Institutes, which will be held in Napanee on Tuesday, June 20th: Mrs. Bert Morrow, President; Mrs. Homer Collins, Mrs. Charles Hudson and Mrs. J. N. Osborne. In addition to the delegates, it is expected that others from the Bath branch will attend the two sessions. The district annual is expected to be largely attended.

Under the command of Mrs. Clarence Mott, the Bath Girl Guides paraded to the United Church on Sunday evening, when a very practical sermon was preached by Rev. W. S. Smart, and special music was given by the choir. There was a splendid attendance of Guides.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Hegadorn received the sad news on Wednesday, announcing the death of the former's nephew, Clifford Earl Bedford, which took place at the Kingston General Hospital. The deceased, who was only 22 years of age, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Babcock, of Westbrooke. Mr. and Mrs. Hegadorn attended the funeral at the home of the parents on Friday, the remains being taken to the Wilton cemetery for interment.

Ernest Young, teacher at the Wilton school, with Mrs. Young and son have moved to their former home in Bath for the holiday season, and Mr. Young will come to the village at the completion of the school term, which will take place in the course of a few days.

On Tuesday night an exciting game of softball was played between Links Mills and Bath, the homesters winning by the close score of 19-16. Harold Allison pitched for Bath and Ben Thurston was on the receiving end. The game was quite a slugging affair, and throughout the several innings was a see-saw affair. Allison and Thurston were injured during the progress of the game, when they collided on going after a pop fly. Both had to receive medical attention, but are out again and ready for another game. A junior team has been organized in the village, and a friendly tilt was played with the Millhaven team in Bath on Friday night.

A substantial building has just been completed adjoining the commodious garage of Jack Roberts on Main street and the erection of the two buildings at this corner has greatly improved the appearance of the corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burnabeer spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Galgan, Bath R.R.

Miss Madeline Covert, who has been spending several months with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Brackenbury, Wingham, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Osborne and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Calver spent the week-end with relatives in Toronto.

Thos. Baine, of Kingston, a former resident of this village, accompanied by a friend, were in Bath on Monday renewing acquaintances.

TONGUE FOR EIGHT

Montreal, June 17.—For the lovers of beef tongue, the Canadian National chefs, on sea and land, prescribe this recipe: Cut a cold boiled tongue into strips. Chop fine three onions. Fry in butter, dredge with flour, add two tablespoonsful of lemon juice and a cup of mushrooms. Pour into a baking dish, cover with crumbs. Dot it with butter and brown it in the oven. Serve with spinnach or spaghetti.

Paraffin Is Found Good to Keep Water Lily Awake

The Missouri Botanic Garden Bulletin refers to the fact that the daily blooming water lilies will not keep open at night. Recent experiments at the garden have definitely shown that it is possible to keep the flowers of the day-blooming water lilies open continuously for several days by treatment with paraffin. With the aid of a medicine dropper melted paraffin is carefully applied in small quantities to the extreme lower portions of the stamens, the petals, and the sepals. It is highly important to use a paraffin with a low melting point, 47 degrees C. or less, in order to prevent injury to the floral tissue. Rapid cooling of the paraffin after contact with the flower is essential. The melted paraffin is uniformly dispersed among the bases of the stamens, petals and sepals, forming a cast which holds the floral parts rigidly in place, thus preventing the normal closing of the flower. When the operation is carefully done the paraffin is hardly visible even at close range, and the flower appears perfectly natural. If necessary, the paraffin may be tinted with dyes to match the colors of the flowers.—Rural New-Yorker Magazine.

Bird Plows Up Food as It Skims Water's Surface

The skimmer, a peculiar bird which plows up its food from the surface of the water, is found only in three continents and in each of these continents there is a particular type only to be found. In America the skimmers are sometimes called sheerwaters, scissor-bills and razor-bills.

The unusual feature of the bird is its long bill, the under part of which is twice as long as the upper. The birds possess long, strong wings which send them skimming along the surface of the water at great speed.

Usually, when out foraging for food, a flock of the skimmers hunt together. They travel along through schools of fish at the surface of the water with the under part of the bill held slightly below water. This plowing action throws the small fish up into the mouths of the skimmers, where they are held by the upper part of the bill. —Washington Star.

WEDDED AT WATERTOWN

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Adeline Dunham, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dunham, 417 West Ten Eyck street, and Carl A. Eggleton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Eggleton, 406 Broadway Avenue east, took place Saturday afternoon, June 10th, at 1.30 p.m. at St. Paul's church. Rev. Conidit Nelson Eddy, the rector of the church, officiated.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, Charles A. Dunham. The church was decorated with white peonies and palms.

Miss Dunham was attended by her two sisters, Mrs. Albert B. Scholl, of Watertown, and Mrs. Ronald G. Goutermont, of Norwood.

Edward W. Lalone, of Watertown acted as best man. The ushers were Charles William Dunham, brother of the bride, and William H. Eggleton, brother of the bridegroom.

Immediately at the close of the church ceremony a wedding dinner and reception was held for sixty guests at the Jefferson County Golf Club.

Seated at the bride's table with Mr. Eggleton and his bride were Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Scholl, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald G. Goutermont of Norwood, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Lalonde, Charles W. Dunham and William H. Eggleton.

The bride selected for her wedding a gown of white satin, fashioned on long lines. The long sleeves had slight puffs above the elbows. The gown was made with a cowl neck. Miss Dunham wore a white maline turban, white kid pumps and atmosphere hose.

Miss Dunham carried a bouquet of white roses and sweet peas. She carried a handkerchief carried by her mother and her sister, Mrs. Scholl, at their marriages.

The gowns of Mrs. Scholl and Mrs. Goutermont were made alike. Mrs. Scholl was attired in green rough crepe and the gown of Mrs. Goutermont was in yellow ruogh crepe. Both wore white rough straw hats and accessories in white. Their flowers were daisies.

Mrs. Dunham selected for the marriage of her youngest daughter a gown of navy blue and white chiffon and wore a corsage of white sweet peas. Mrs. Eggleton was attired in light blue and white chiffon and her corsage was of pink sweet peas.

Mr. Eggleton and his bride left by motor for New York City and upon their return will reside at 445 South Hamilton street. For a travelling costume Mrs. Eggleton chose a navy blue swagger suit with accessories in blue and snakeskin shoes.

Mrs. Eggleton has been the guest of honor at a number of prenuptial parties, among her hostesses being Mrs. J. Munson Gamble, Jr., Miss Blanche H. Davis of Adams Center, Miss Marguerite A. Livingston, Miss Helen M. Sharp, Miss Dorothy Averill, Mrs. John Mills, Mrs. Edward W. Lalone. Eight members of the staff of the Jefferson County National Bank were hostesses at a party at St. Regis Inn at Deferiet for the bride. They were Mrs. Earl Gardiner, Miss Lena A. Haley, Miss Dorothy Averill, Miss Mildred Nichols, Mrs. Nellie W. Bosworth, Miss Eleanor Chase and Mrs. J. Munson Gamble, Jr.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Eggleton are associated with the Jefferson County National Bank. Mrs. Eggleton occupies the position of secretary and Mr. Eggleton is a bookkeeper.

The groom's mother was a former Napanee girl, Miss Rachel Hayes, and resided on Mill St.

CENTREVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Card and grandson Harold Thompson have left on an extended motor trip through the State of Michigan and are expecting to visit Chicago and attend the exhibition.

Sergt-Major H. D. Coldham and Mrs. Coldham and two sons, of Ottawa, are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wagar.

Mrs. Henry Eves is visiting friends in Kingston and Simcoe Island.

Mr. and Mrs. George McGill were called to Watertown, N.Y., owing to the sudden death of Mrs. McGill's sister, Mrs. Foote.

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Church held their regular monthly meeting in the United Church on Thursday, June 8. Report of the branch meeting were given by several of the members.

A very successful lawn social, under the auspices of the United Church, was held on Thursday evening, at the home of Stanley McKeown.

Elephant's Big Part in East Indian Pageantry

Elephant transport, slow but sure, survives in the rough country of Central India and Rajputana, but is gradually being discarded by Indian princes and merchants for the faster automobile, according to a writer in the Manchester (England) Guardian. On the great estates of the maharajas the elephant carriage is retained for state occasions, when the animal plays a leading role in the display of Indian pageantry. From ten to thirty elephants are used at festivities of this kind, especially when a local potentate celebrates a birthday. The beasts are gorgeously outfitted for such occasions, and painted. Their trunks, ears and tails are covered with red, yellow and green flowers and their foreheads are daubed with gilt to match the decorative coats of the howdahs and the trappings of the carriages.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA

Why have some of the larger daily papers a column on the first page of their Monday's issue headlined "Week-End Accidents" or "Hot Wave Casualties?" Is it not largely because of the carelessness and recklessness of our own people? Have we entirely lost the ability of taking care? Motors are driven fast over a rise, more or less in the centre of the road. When two cars do this at the same time, they clash and someone is killed. In spite of warnings, people will cut in on the highways and do other dangerous things that result in accidents. Once more we ask why? Then a hot wave comes and to get cool we make for the water. Those who cannot swim step gaily into a canoe. Perhaps they do not realize how very very little it takes to overturn the slight craft. They have seen boys and girls who are experts in the water doing it for fun. It seems so easy, easy too to come up and take hold of the canoe at each end. All very well if you are an expert, but impossible if you are not. You grasp someone and probably drown them too. All children in our land of lakes and rivers should learn to swim. Great advances have been made along this line and before long most city children will be able to take care of themselves. We will hope that the country boys and girls will do as well. It is not always so easy to learn: lake or river may be a distance from home, but it will not be too far for the older boys and girls to reach and if they do not learn, when small, to swim, it will be a menace instead of a delight. Perhaps we will be considered very old fashioned, but we do like to see girls slip on a rain coat or some other coat when they come out of the water into the public gaze. We feel that many people, both older and younger than we are, will agree with us.

* * * *

Now comes the tourist along our roads and we are getting ready rooms for the accommodation of him and his family. We motored up the highway one hot day and we noticed signs at many fine homes inviting visitors to stay the night. Everything looked inviting except the windows. One lady of the party remarked, "I should not care to stop there, all the windows are shut tight, the sun on the glass would make those rooms like ovens." "Let us see how many windows are open," said another, so we looked at all the homes bearing signs welcoming tourists, and in a drive of fifty miles, we only saw one house with windows open to let in the fresh, clover scented air. We decided that if we had been looking for a place in which to spend the night we should have gone on to the next town or perhaps taken one of the little cabins, which could be aired quickly. The best way to fix the windows is to have screens that fit the whole window and some contrivance, if only a strong piece of wood, if your windows are not on pulleys, to allow the sash to be opened as far as it will go. For this purpose you can have the wood so cut in graduated heights that it will suit any taste and any weather. Windows that open like a casement are also good. But the screen about nine inches high will not suit many people on a hot night. I have written of this matter of windows before and have had letters commending my comments. I have also been asked to refer to it once more and have heard travellers say, "One look at the windows was enough; we just went on."

* * * *

Isn't it queer how we swing to the fashion of the moment? We thought in the early spring that we were going to hate full sleeves with the new waist line. But somehow either the fashions are not so extreme as we were led to believe, or our eyes are accustomed to the little puffed sleeve and have become used to think they are very pretty with the muslin frocks with long, flared skirts. At a garden party or golf club luncheon the large hats are charming when worn with the right kind of frock. The short sleevees call for long gloves of course and everything must match. The matching is often the most expensive part of the whole outfit. But it's that which makes it smart.

* * * *

The June speakers are with the Institutes and all sorts of interesting courses in home making are being enjoyed by the women and girls in the rural districts. Then we will read of the district annual meetings and we do hope the press secretaries will give us a true account of what happened. It is difficult to get the highlights of a discussion, but some very good things are generally said. Make a note of them. We have written up many annual meetings for large and small societies and well remember the old editor, under whom this work was begun, saying, "Get the main points of the discussion, the highlights of the reports, and whatever you do get the resolutions verbatim. A word can make such a difference in a resolution that it is better to copy it from the notes of the recording secretary." We have always remembered this good advice and pass it on to all press secretaries.

* * * *

We hope the historical committee of the districts will have something to tell us. Recently we have been hunting up the old mills where the United Empire Loyalists had their grain ground, and found it difficult to get the information we wanted. We had not time to call on the W. I., but if anyone knows who built the old mill at New Dublin in Leeds, or the large stone mill at Shannonville, just off the provincial highway, we should be glad if they would send "Lucinda" word, care of this paper. It is strange that more it not known of places which have stood in the same place for perhaps a century or more. One task the W. I. is undertaking is the treasuring of the story of such places.

Strawberry Whip—1 package of quick- setting strawberry jelly powder. 1 cup of hot water, 1 cup of strawberry juice, ½ cup of sugar, 1 cup of strawberries. Dissolve jelly powder in hot water, not boiling; add strawberry juice, from the strawberries which have been let stand sprinkled with the ½ cup of sugar. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in a bowl of ice water and whip with a rotary beater until fluffy like whipped cream. Turn into a mould and when cold turn out and garnish with fresh berries. Serve with cream.

REVISED SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

The following is the last half of the Napanee and district Softball Schedule, which was compiled the latter part of the week:

June 23.
Richmond at Selrites.
Grace Church at Gretna.
Strathcona at Newburgh.

June 26.
Selrites at Frontenacs.
Grace Church at Newburgh.
Richmond at Gretna.

June 28.
Grace Church at Frontenacs.

June 30.
Gretna at Strathcona.
Richmond at Grace Church.
Selrites at Newburgh.

July 3.
Newburgh at Grace Church.
Richmond at Strathoona.
Selrites at Gretna.

July 5.
Selrites at Grace Church.
Strathcona at Gretna.

July 7.
Grace Church at Richmond.
Newburgh at Frontenacs.

July 10.
Gretna at Selrites.

July 14.
Strathcona at Frontenacs.

NOTE—All of the games that were postponed in the first half are included in this section, with the exception of the Newburgh at Selrites game, which will be played as soon as arrangements can be made.

SOFTBALL LEAGUE SCHEDULE

	Played	Won	Lost
Newburgh	5	5	0
Selrites	5	4	1
Richmond	6	3	3
Grace Church	5	2	3
Strathcona	6	2	4
Frontenacs	6	2	4
Gretna	3	0	3

Scores of Games Played Monday Night

Richmond 22; Frontenacs 0.
Grace Church 22; Strathcona 16.

GAMES THIS WEEK

Friday, June 23rd—
Richmond at Selrites.
Grace Church at Gretna.
Strathcona at Newburgh.

Monday, June 26th—
Selrites at Frontenacs.
Grace Church at Newburgh.
Richmond at Gretna.

Dr. and Mrs. Wolfe, of Buffalo, N.Y., arrived in town Tuesday morning and spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Shipman. Many fishing trips were enjoyed during the week and especially one given on Wednesday by Dr. Robinson, of Kingston, at his summer cottage on Loughboro Lake. A chicken dinner was served at 6.30 followed by a porch dance, all reporting a wonderful time. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Wolfe, of Buffalo; Dr. and Mrs. McGowan, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson and family, and Miss Spooner, of Kingston; also Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Shipman, Mr. F. Rikley and Mr. S. Lowry, of Napanee. Mrs. Shipman gave a supper dance on Friday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Wolfe, who were leaving for Buffalo on Saturday. Dr. Wolfe is a prominent surgeon in the Marine Hospital in Buffalo, N.Y.

And I entreat thee also, true yokefellow, help those women which labored with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life. Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice. Be careful for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus—Phil. 4.3-7.

To grow a little wiser every day,
To school my mind and body to obey.

There has been a decrease of 2,000,000 agricultural workers in the United States from 1910 to 1930, but an increase of 8 acres in harvested crops for each farm.

PERSONALS

Mr. J. G. Fraser was in Belleville on Wednesday night and attended an important meeting of the Bay of Quinte Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Huffman left on Saturday for Chicago where they will spend two weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fralick. They will visit the big fair while in the city.

Messrs. W. A. Thompson, George D. Robson and Gardner Post were among the many who were guests of Eureka Lodge No. 283, A.F. & A.M., Belleville, on Wednesday night on the occasion of "Hydro" night, when Hon. J. R. Cook was the principal speaker.

Mr. Percy Laidley went to the Kingston General Hospital on Sunday for an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Beulah Rombough, of the nursing staff of Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, has returned to her duties after spending the past two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rombough, Adolphustown.

Miss Katherine Terrill, of Grafton, is the guest of Mrs. Thos. Symington, John street.

Mrs. Marshall Hudson, who attended the sessions of the Rebekah Assembly of Ontario, remained over in Oshawa for a day on her return home and visited with relatives.

Gordon R. Gibson, of Kingston, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gibson, South Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Will O'Neil returned home from Toronto on Friday where the former attended the sessions of Grand Lodge, I.O.O.F., as the representative of Napanee Lodge No. 86. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil were among many who were [illegible] was held at the Royal York Hotel on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hayes and son of Toronto, were the week-end guests of his brother, John Hayes, and Mrs. Hayes, South Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wright and daughter Margaret, of Conway, returned home from Guelph on Saturday, where they attended the graduation of their daughter Francis, at MacDonald College. They were accompanied by Miss Louise VanLuven.

Mr. and Mrs. Lush, of Toronto, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Clarke, Bethany. Mrs. Lush, who is a niece of Mrs. Clarke, with Mr. Lush came down on the 33rd anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abel, of Toronto, are the guests of the latter's sister, Miss Jane Coates.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Loucks and family motored to Watertown during the week-end and were accompanied home by his mother, Mrs. Dan Loucks, who has been spending some time visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. John A. Birrell, P.D.D.G.M., returned home from Toronto on Friday, where he attended the sessions of the Grand Lodge, I.O.O.F., as the representative of Argyll Lodge No. 212.

Colin A. Campbell, Liberal candidate for Addington, for the Ontario Legislation, was a business caller in town on Monday.

Chas. Both, Reeve of Denbigh, returned home on Monday after spending the past week in town attending the June session of the County Council.

Dr. and Mrs. Esty, and the latter's mother, Mrs. Wrightmyer, of New York City, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wiseman on Sunday.

James E. Johnston, daughter, Miss Jean, son, Percy, and friend, Miss Taylor, all of Peterboro, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Milsap, Adelphi street. Miss Jean is remaining for a few days.

Provincial Officer F. W. Barrett, who is confined to the house through illness, is improving nicely.

Mrs. Challes, Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. G. H. Challes.

Miss Williams, Belleville, is the guest of Miss Nora Herrington.

Messrs. W. T. MacKenzie, Mayor Kimmerly, and Chas. Walters leave this week to attend Rotary International at Boston. Mr. Walters will also attend a Hydro meeting in Windsor enroute. He will be accompanied from Toronto by his son, Alan.

MARRIAGES

YOUNG—SNIDER—At Grace United Church parsonage, on June 17th, 1933, by Rev. W. P. Woodger, Archibald Carleton Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Young, South Napanee, and Phoebe Marguerite Snider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Snider, Palace road.

DEATHS

BARRAGER—At Roblin, on Monday, June 19th, 1933, David Barrager, aged 82 years, 2 months.

SMITH—At Seattle, on June 16th, 1933, Edward H. Smith, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. J. Smith, of Napanee, in his 50th year.

Music Notes

In the course of a music lesson, given in the lower grades the teacher was emphasizing the form and value of music.

Miss H. was having the kiddies make forms of whole notes, half notes and "quarter" notes on their fingers.

Little Mary, very much interested, said:

"Miss H, how do you make a 10-cent note?"

HEALTH by Dr. J. J. Heagerty

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

AFTER FIFTY

As the years pass, the body changes, and the man of fifty or over should realize that he cannot expect to maintain his former physical activities. He still requires exercise, but of a different kind.

Many business men have a mistaken idea as to what exercise is. They think of exercise as something to keep their muscles in shape... This is a very narrow and errorneous view because exercise is concerned with more than the muscles; it gives an opportunity for pleasurable activity and so improves the functioning of the whole body.

It is questionable if any exercise is of real value which does not become play in the sense that it gives pleasure by being carried on for its own sake with no thought of its being an exercise. There is no objection to swinging clubs or indulging in routine exercises, but unless these give a sense of satisfaction and achievement, they are not apt to be continued.

The man who takes up golf never gets what he should out of it until, with increasing skill, he begins to find a real pleasure in the improvement of his game. The business man who makes excuses for the time he gives to golf knows down in his heart that he plays because he likes it and not for [illegible] for play's sake and because it gives pleasure, not with the idea of preparation for work. Play is just as imporatant a part of life as is work.

After fifty, the man should remember that youth is the time for those activities which call for speed, strength and endurance. Even in golf, youth will be served. Not only is enough enough, but more is harmful. It is better to go a bit more slowly and stop a bit earlier than to go on until fatigue spoils the game. After fifty, fatigue should be avoided, and activity suspended if fatigue occurs.

Practically any game is suited to the man over fifty, provided he plays it as his own gait and stops soon enough. Play improves the appetite, promotes good digestion and so favors the nutrition of the body. The muscles are strengthened and the circulation improved. Play out of doors means time spent in the fresh air and sunshine. Is it any wonder that play, which is physical activity that we enjoy, whether it be walking, swimming, gardening or golfing, makes for health and happiness?

COUNTY LEAGUE BASEBALL

There have been many surprises in baseball, but none more so than that which took place in the final innings of the County League game played between Enterprise and Gibbards "B" at the driving park on Saturday afternoon. For eight innings, Spratt, the visiting twirler held the locals to four scattered hits, and when their half of the ninth opened the locals were trailing Enterprise by five runs, the score being 6-1.

Cards the first man up for Gibbards hit for a single, Kilgannon sent a sizzling grounder reaching first, McCutcheon lined one far and wide for a double, bringing in Card and Kilgannon.

Murphy then filed out and Oliver was out 3rd to 1st.

Currie batting for Stinson was passed, Callaghan singled, as did Johnson, and three more runs were added.

Burley then hit a well placed grounder scoring Johnston with the sixth run of the innings, and winning the old ball game.

The fans were so tickled that hats went into the air, and the boys were congratulated.

It was a tough game for Enterprise to lose as they put up a much better brand of ball for eight innings.

Only three passes were given, one by Card and two by Spratt.

Spratt had ten strike-outs, while Card had five.

Score by innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Enterprise	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1
Gibbards	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6—7

IN MEMORIAM

THOMPSON—In loving memory of our dear son and brother, Clarence Thompson, accidently drowned at Napanee, June 19th, 1932.
We mourn for one we dearly loved,
For one we could not save;
Loved in life, mourned in death,
Remembered in his grave.

Your loving voice we never forget,
Though years may pass away;
The loss of you we sadly feel as keen
As the first day.

If we could have raised your dying head,
Or heard your last farewell.
The grief would not have been so bad,
For us who loved you well.

Ever remembered by
Mother and Dad,
Brothers and Sisters.

Say you saw it in The Express.

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

©T.M. WC

Eighth Installment

The Story so far: Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, in a sizzling taxicab accident in Chicago, suffered loss of memory. Two years later she woke one morning after a fall from her horse to find herself under the name of Prilla, married to Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. From letters in her desk she learned something about her life in the two-year interval, and realized that she had been a heartless, reckless young woman and that she had seriously involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. She decided that at all costs she would end it. She soon found Maitland hard to manage. Her troubles were further complicated when she found a letter referring to a baby—was it hers?—that she writer, Bessie, thought Prilla ought to have with her. Much to the surprise of Sam, an her husband's employe, she asked for a dog and he got her one.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Before Joyce addressed and stamped the brown envelope, it occurred to her that she might write a few words to put in with it. Then, having come to this conclusion, she found herself dismayingly unable to decide what to say. What sort of letter would Frills write to Neil? "I don't see how she'd have the face to write to him at all, when all she cared about his absence was the chance it gave her to go off with Maitland and his crowd," she thought dispassionately, "but just the same, since Joyce Ashton isn't going off with Maitland, I think she might send a few words." She ended by writing:

"Dear Neil: You can't hurt a solid ivory dome just by falling on it! But it seems to have knocked some of the pep out of little Frills, and she's annoying the gang by cutting out some of the jazz. Laurine was here this morning with a lot of good advice, Ethel and Clarice this afternoon, and while I was out, Paul and Dot came, and Tess Farnsworth. Don't know why I've never wanted a dog before nor just why I want one now, but I've just acquired a darling," she wrote hastily. "Sam got him for me from the Marches on the Dry Creek Canyon road. They're going to China and can't take Dickey. He's quite adorable, and when did I ever care what any one thinks? Frills."

Joyce was a little doubtful, when she finished, about whether she had not written more than was wise. She sealed up the letter, however, and then went downstairs to look for Sam to post it.

Sam listened with casual politeness to her explanation of her appearance.

"I had a telegram from Mr. Packard asking me to mail him some papers he left behind by mistake, and I wondered if you could get them to the post office for me? I'm sorry to disurb you this way but I think the papers are important and ought to leave right off. Would you mind?"

"Sure not!" replied Sam taking the envelope. "I'll hop into the bus and take it down."

"Are Roxie and Marcia out?"

"Yeah, gone to the movies with their steadies," Sam grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, of course," she murmured, smiling back at him and then added, curiously, "What were you doing, Sam, when I interrupted you?"

"Oh, digging at the same old stuff," replied Sam, as if she knew also what that meant. He ran his big brown hand through his hair. "Sometimes I think it's the bunk, getting educated by absent treatment. But I s'pose I might's well do it as to play pool or take some jane to the movies."

Joyce returned to the house full of thoughts of Sam, plugging away by himself out there alone, and paused for a moment the problems of her own situation.

Just as she entered the living-room, a group of people came in with a burst of talking and laughing and took possession of the house.

"You're my hotsy, I'm your totsy, everything is hotsy-totsy nowwww!" sang a tall man with a bald head and jovial pink face.

Joyce was seized in a rough embrace by this hearty gentleman and kissed several times before she could get away.

Behind a veil of smoke, Prilla examined the separate members of the company. She was more excited than otherwise that the free-and-easy manners of Frills' set demanded so little effort. Apparently nothing very definite was expected of a hostess; everyone talked volubly and seemed entirely at home. Both Ethel and Clarice were present, now in dinner dresses and earrings.

There were two other women, who turned out to be Tess Farnsworth and Kate Belmain. Tess was about thirty years old, a non-descript brunette with a straight look back of her small brown eyes. Kate Belmain was the oldest woman in the party. Her white hair, bobbed and marcelled with professional skill that it quite rated the dignity of being called a coiffure, made a most becoming soft frame for her still excellent complexion.

The four men were commonplace enough. Charlie Bates was a bachelor, cheerful, unintelligent, dissipated, addicted to the use of strong perfume. Ed Rawley, the "faithful Ed" of Clarice's sarcastic comment, looked unhappy in this gathering. Ross Emery, who had greeted Prilla so vociferously on her entrance, proceeded to be the life and death of the party. The fourth man, strolling restlessly about the room trying to draw somebody into a game of poker was Art Belmain.

"Say, folks, I'm going to buy you all a drink," exclaimed Ed, jumping up, "who's with me? Prilla is so holier-than-thou tonight it scares me. I know something that'll put a little original sin into her!"

"I'll come along and help you, Ed," offered Art. Then a diversion occurred in the form of the arrival of two more men. One of them was Dr. Ellison, and the other a man of about the same age who was hailed as "Trace." Tracy Farnsworth was tanned like the rest, belts. Get damn' sick of their drivel, don't you, Frills?"

Suddenly the car swung abruptly to the left, drove in through the thick darkness of a narrow, tree-shadowed road, then came out to an open space and stopped quietly.

Maitland took his hand from hers and putting his arm around her shoulders bent over her.

Maitland drew her suddenly closer to him and began kissing her with the same intensity of that first embrace in the living-room.

His kisses were on her neck, her

"His kisses were on her neck, her whole face."

Everything about him was neat, well-creased, and immaculate, and like his personality, insipid.

With the arrival of the cocktails the party took on a shriller air.

"Say, doc, did you write a prescription for Frills after she did her leap-for life the other day?" demanded Clarice.

"I did not," retorted the doctor, "what does she need it for, with Neil supply still holding good?"

"And Mait's," added Kate with her loud laugh, "where's your sweet patoo-tie tonight, dearie?"

Joyce, thus directly addressed, answered coldly, "How should I know?"

A second round of drinks followed close on the first. The whole evening took on a confused, kaleidoscopic quality that gave Joyce the feeling of being in a noisy, unreal nightmare. She did not like the spectacle of these uncultured men and women drunkenly in pursuit of a "good time."

Would they never go home? Her head throbbed and she felt inexpressibly weary and revolted. Finally, after being her chance, she slipped out of the room just as a lively dance melody came in over the radio and several couples leaped up and began to revolve rather unsteadily.

Joyce escaped out of the front door to the porch and the cool starlight. As she stumbled on the dark step she was suddenly caught in a strong embrace.

"Sweetheart, I had to come again to see how you were," whispered Maitland softly.

Joyce, overcome by her great weariness and disgust at the scene she had left, could not summon enough strength to struggle. She felt tired and terribly alone. All she was conscious of at the moment was that Maitland's cheek against hers was cool and sober, that his breath held no reek of liquor on it.

He did not try to take advantage of her yielding mood. He simply held her quietly, and Joyce, whose head had been spinning from the heat and the noise, leaned against him with her eyes closed and murmured:

"Oh, I can't stand them, they're all drunk . . . I want some air . . ."

"Get in my car and we'll take a run," said Maitland promptly. He led her to his machine which was only a few steps away. "Here, put this on, you'll be cold if you don't." He held up a light overcoat and Joyce in a daze slid her arms into it and dropped back into the low seat without stopping to consider exactly what she was doing.

In another moment they were rolling down the drive and out into the road.

Maitland drove in silence, a tactful silence so welcome to Joyce in her lassitude that all her fear and abhorrence of him melted into gratefulness.

Finally, when they had driven about ten minutes, Maitland asked softly, "Feel better, dear?"

"Yes," said Joyce.

He took his hand from the wheel and felt for hers and when he had it in his warm clasp, she let it stay there, still too apathetic to care.

"Who was there tonight?" he asked after a bit.

"Oh, Clarice and Ethel and Ross and . . . Ed . . . and Dot and Paul and . . . Charlie . . . and Tess and Trace . . . and . . . and Doc," replied Joyce drowsily, almost too tired to finish the long list.

"Same old crew, all talking at once, after they get a few drinks under their

Jim Makes a Discovery

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

GRACE LUTTRELL made a wistful little figure as she sat on the front porch steps in the softlight of a night in May. Across the still air came the faraway strains of music. By leaning over the edge of the steps you could just see one distant but brightly lighted window of the Students' Club building where the dance was going on. Your eye had to squint through some leafy branches and dodge around the corner of an intervening building, but this could be done and you were rewarded by the sight of flitting figures, much too far away to be recognized, but thrilling none the less, and always moving, moving, gliding, turning.

"Oh, me, I do wish I were over there dressed in my little pink georgette," she said to the stars. "Wonder why the university crowd never asks me."

Grace did not know much about college snobbishness. She did not know that no matter how sweet and pretty and nice you are if your mother is a widow and has to take boarders to make an honest living you are socially nobody and social nobodies, be they ever so sweet and pretty and nice, do not often get asked to fraternity dances.

The girl sighed again as she sat there, then suddenly her mood changed and she jumped up and went running into the house. In the living room sat big Jim Young, football hero and engineering student, the pride of the university known to the gang as the only man in captivity who had turned down a bid to join a frat.

"I belong to the university," he explained, "I'd rather feel like a brother to the whole crowd than just to be a member of a little clique." That ended it as far as he was concerned. And now on the eve of his graduation he proudly bore off most of the college honors.

"What's the matter, Grace?" he asked quickly as the daughter of his landlady came in, her eyes glistening with what looked suspiciously like tears to him.

"I've been listening to the music over at the Students' club and I feel as if I'd absolutely die if I didn't get a chance to go just once before school's out."

"You poor little kid," he sympathized. "I tell you what. I'm a rotten poor dancer—all feet, you know—but if you want to we'll run over. You slip on your prettiest frock and I'll go climb into my tux and we'll go."

Grace was upstairs in a jiffy, and in two more jiffies she was down again, but not before Jim had rushed into the living room wriggling into his coat on the way.

It was during intermission that they arrived at the Students' club and all eyes turned toward them.

Grace felt her success at once and joy sang in her heart. Small and light on her feet she made a delightful dancing partner and soon found herself being whirled out of one man's arms into those of another.

"Darn these tag dances," grumbled McAllister, one of her partners, "I bet we get two steps before somebody breaks."

At that moment Jim came up and took her away.

"Say, will you give me a date tomorrow night?" called McAllister as she moved off in Jim's arms.

In answer Grace smiled and nodded warmly.

"I'd like to know what I brought you down here for," grumbled Jim crossly. "They've almost cut me out entirely. Let's get outside and take a walk."

Grace's feet were killing her in her little satin slippers, but not for worlds would she show it by so much as one tiny limp so she walked by his side along the tree-bordered road that skirted the campus.

"Grace, I guess I must have been blind all these four years," he said at last, "but I came to my senses tonight. Don't let that McAllister fellow have a date with you tomorrow because I'm going home in a couple of weeks and I want all the evenings you've got. Seems to me I ought to have some rights."

"But that Mr. Foster—Forester, what's his name? asked me to the prom next Thursday and Mr. Jenkins to a 'movie' day after tomorrow, and—"

"Never mind what they asked you to," Jim broke in. "You and I are practically engaged and you can't go dating every cake-eating lounge lizard in college. You're mine, Grace," he said, putting his arm around her rather fiercely. "From the beginning of time we were intended for each other and you must have known it all along. I have if you haven't."

And Jim really believed it. That night in the quietness of his own bedroom he was perfectly certain that he had always been in love with pretty, dainty little Grace Luttrell, but Grace had no such illusions.

"Life's just the suddenest sort of thing," she marveled. "What do you suppose made him fall for me like that?"

She did not realize that a little competition adds spice to life and that we often have to see our friends through the eyes of others before we can truly appreciate them.

Inspired by Famous Song

Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" 1861, was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and first came prominently into notice when a Union officer, just out of Libby prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow-prisoners, having become possessed of a copy of the "Battle Hymn" derived great pleasure singing it in the darkness and loneliness of prison.

Goodby! Good Luck!

By JOHN SMITH

"IT'S the chance of a lifetime," said John Bates. Then, as other considerations came to mind, "In a way," he added thoughtfully.

His fellow physician, Chester Hayes, regarded him quizzically. "You mean?"

"If one had no ties at home," said the other frankly.

"That's right," agreed Chester, mentally making note of the fact that what he had feared was true. John, too, was in love with Mary Hamre.

"To study tuberculosis on such a vast scale," went on John, utterly unaware of his friend's train of thought, "well, it's a tremendous opportunity. Will you take it, Chet?"

Hayes shrugged his shoulders. "We'll sleep on it," he said.

The chance had come for one of them to go abroad with a relief commission to study the white plague in eastern European regions devastated by famine. Both men had specialized along that line, although recently Hayes was developing a more or less general practice among the city's well-to-do and even socially prominent families. This experience abroad would mean contact with well-known continental physicians and would endow the man who underwent it with worth-while authority on his return.

That night John felt himself pulled in two directions. His professional ambition urged him to accept the opportunity. His love for Mary prompted him to cast it aside and devote his efforts to winning her affection. Finally, in the hours wore on, he decided to leave the matter in Chester's hands. After all, as his senior, he was perhaps entitled to first decision.

Meanwhile, the other man wrestled with no difficulties whatever. John must be the man to go. He, Chester Haynes, sacrifice the practice he had so carefully built up and which was proving remarkably lucrative, in order to spend months in some God-forsaken spot treating foreigners? But, more to be considered than that was the fact that with John out of the way, Mary would surely succumb to his wooing, which should be as ardent and persuasive as he could make it.

The two men met on their hospital rounds next morning. "Well?" said John abruptly.

"Take it," said Chester. "You deserve it. You're the better man for the job and I yield to you." His words conveyed a sense of self-sacrifice decidedly at variance with the truth.

That evening Chester called on Mary, initiating the first step of a well-planned campaign.

"I suppose you've heard of John Bates' new job?" he asked casually. Mary's brown eyes widened. "New job?"

Good! John hadn't let her know yet. "Why, yes," said John's good friend, "he'll be able to go across with the relief commission to study tuberculosis. As John seemed—so keen I waived any prior claims myself in his favor."

"How good of you," cried Mary. "When does he go?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, in a week or so," said Chester carelessly. "He'll be frightfully busy organizing his affairs. I'll take over a considerable part of his practice. By the way, Mary, I'm coming around after hours tomorrow in my new road car. Don't you try it out? Got to get used to driving it at her summer home in Westchester."

It was true, as Chester had said, that John's days were busy ones, and he took no pleasure in the thought that otherwise he would have been tempted to feast his eyes as frequently as possible upon Mary's dear face before he went. And to do so would be sufficient without letting her know he cared unbelievably.

Poor deluded John! As if Mary hadn't guessed long since the state of his affections.

Came the day of John's departure. Chester was to see him off at the steamer, and, in a generous mood, decided to run around and get Mary. He could well afford to be magnanimous, considering that a few hours would put miles of ocean between the two of them, and all would be clear sailing for him.

After all, Mary was out, and delayed by tire trouble, Chester reached the pier just as the last "All ashore that's going ashore" was being sounded. But far up on an upper deck he saw John, the light with which professionally that he stood in John's shoes, he reminded himself that he had had the chance and refused it. There was adequate compensation awaiting him.

He lifted his hat and waved it. "Goodby; good luck to you—" The words froze on his lips. Who was that beside John? Mary!

John must have seen the look on his face. Making a trumpet of his hands, he called to him: "Quietly—married an hour ago. Tried to get hold of you, but couldn't. Wanted to avoid fuss. Congratulate us!"

And Mary, her face radiant above the armful of roses she carried, nodded happy affirmation. "It was my idea!" she called, and the explanation was sufficient. Mary would brook no obstacles.

"Haul in the gangplank!" Slowly, with dignity and majesty the liner drew away.

Diet for Cats

The best diet for cats is composed largely of meat, for which their teeth are adapted. Cats, being members of the carnivora order, will not remain healthy very long without it. Fish and chicken delight their hearts and brighten their eyes and days. The diet must be varied. Not fish for days and then meat for days, but a change almost every day, as with humans. Some cats are very fond of bread and milk or cereals mixed with a meat broth, although some cats have never been known to touch either.

Rickshaw Coolie Can Run Four to Six Miles an Hour

It is not hard to push a rickshaw, according to a director of the Physiological Institute of the Sun Yat Sen university in Canton, China, who made some interesting observations on the rate of work performed by a coolie drawing a rickshaw. While form of running is peculiar in that the force exerted is practically all forward.

The arms are held by the shafts of the vehicle and since the vehicle's center of gravity is over the axle, the coolie does not have to exert any upward force. The work he does is consequently the same as if he were pulling a weight by a cord running over a pulley.

The rickshaw coolie runs from four to six miles an hour, consuming during fast locomotion about one-tenth of a horse power—the same, that is, as if he were drawing five and a half pounds one foot in each second. This is over and above the amount of work the coolie would do while running at the same pace without pulling the loaded vehicle. The expenditure of energy is much less than that of the oarsmen in a university boat race.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

April Fool's Day Origin Still Matter of Doubt

Various theories have been held as to the origin of the customs and traditions attending April 1 in western countries, but there is no certain or conclusive explanation.

Some have tried to trace the observance to the miracle plays formerly presented at Easter time, and some to ancient pagan festivals such as the similar Hull festival held by the Hindus on March 31 or the Feast of Fools celebrated by the Romans. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable declares: "A better solution is this: As March 25 used to be New Year's day, April 1 was its octave, when its festivities culminated and ended."

It may be, he adds, a relic of the Roman "Cerealia," held at the beginning of April." The probability seems to be that it is a survival of some such ancient spring festival.

"Conscience Fund"

There are anonymous persons who feel that they owe the government money for one reason or another. From time to time the Treasury department receives contributions from these unknown persons. Such sums are turned over to what is known as the "conscience fund." This fund was started during Madison's administration in 1811. With the exceptions of the Lincoln administration and the depression of 1848 there has not been a year that some conscience contribution has not been received. From its 85 start in 1811 this fund totals more than $650,000.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Old Lead Kills Ducks

Unbelievable as it may seem, the Biological Survey has found that ducks by the thousand in the Louisiana marshes die annually through lead poisoning incurred when the ducks, feeding about the shores of the lakes and other bodies of water they inhabit, pick up spent shot along with the gravel they consume and this lead brings about the poisoning, resulting in their death. So numerous have been the hunters and so many the shots which have been fired, the spent lead has reached considerable proportions on the bottoms of the favorite hunting waters.

Kabbeljaws

The Kabbeljaws (is Dutch "Kabeljauws or Kabeljauwschen) were opposed to the Hooks (Hooks). Motley holds that the Kabbeljaws were fundamentally the party of the cities against the nobles, but most other historians believe that the Kabbeljaws were originally the party of the nobility. At any rate, the origins of the two parties were eventually indistinct and unimportant; there were cities on either side and nobles on both sides. Kabbeljaw means "cod fish."

Famous Men Born in January

Some famous men born in January include Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the United States; John Hancock, Revolutionary patriot; Benjamin Franklin, statesman; Daniel Webster, statesman; Edgar Allan Poe, poet; David Starr Jordan, educator; John Fitch, steamboat inventor; Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Confederate general, and William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States.

Pig Iron

Pig iron is manufactured from iron ore and is so called because in the older plants the metal as it comes from the blast furnaces flows through a trench of sand into little branch trenches or molds, where it hardens into bars called pigs. Pig iron is sometimes called the raw material of the iron and steel industry, because from it most of our steel and commercial forms of iron are made.

Pure English Is Demanded of All Players in Movies

No matter how charming they may sound, southern accents—and in fact, accents of any kind—are listened to with a jaundiced ear at the movie studios, according to a director of a voice and dramatic school.

Many are affected by the ban on accents, for all must submit to having the "r's," "g's" and other inflections of "pure English" reinserted into their vocabularies.

In explaining the decree, the director said:

"Unless players can enunciate pure English they are limited as to the parts they can play. Stock work and that of the extras which employs them being hindered thereby.

"Southerners—and for that matter, Yankees and westerners—must have all traces of provincialism removed from their speech before they can become truly valuable players.

"Personally, I like the southern accent, but my duty is to see that players under contract use only one type of role on a moment's notice."

London's "Big Ben" Clock Is Not Largest in World

"Big Ben" is the great bell of the clock tower on the Parliament house in London. It was named after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was First Commissioner of Works at the time of its erection. The bell was cast at the Whitechapel Bell foundry in 1858, and weighs 13½ tons. The pendulum weighs 700 pounds.

The clock has four dials, each 22½ feet in diameter. The figures are two feet high and the minute hand fourteen feet long.

This clock, however, is not the largest in the world. The largest is said to be one located on the Colgate building in Jersey City, N.J., at the point where the Hudson river empties into New York bay. The minute hand of this clock is 38 feet long and its hour hand 25 feet. The dial is 50 feet wide.

A quarter-horse power motor is required to wind the giant clock.

Subway Canals of Hamburg Are Without Ventilation

Under the streets of the famous old German city of Hamburg corpses what is probably the strangest system of urban transportation built by man. It is a subway of canals, stretching 500 miles—an intricate network of navigable streams comparable in some respects to the underground railroad systems of New York, London and other metropolitan centers.

The Venice" built beneath Hamburg serves an important mission in communication, although the canal system is hampered by lack of ventilation, which in turn renders the use of gasoline motor boats impractical because of poisonous gases. Most of the many boats in use on the canals are punted from one point to another.

The canal system was finished nearly 100 years ago. In some places workmen wear masks as a precaution against collected gases, and sightseers are clad in hook-like garb to protect their clothing against moisture.—Philadelphia Record.

Did Greeks Play Football?

The real origin of football is not definitely determined, but the ancient Greeks had a ball game which resembled football in some respects and the old Romans played a game with an inflated bladder. When the game was first introduced into England there was no limit as to the number of players and the game was played in the open country with the goal posts many miles apart. Several kings of England endeavored to suppress the game on the ground that it interfered with the development of archery, which was regarded as essential for the country's defense.

Far North Is Warming Up

The Gulf stream has warmed the Arctic an enormous deal in recent years. The Arctic ocean is believed to have been ice-free, between 900 A. D. and 1100 A. D. It was during this period that the Norsemen are supposed to have discovered America and found its northeastern coast so warm that grape vines grew there, and for that reason called it Vineland. The fact that Greenland, now covered with an enormous depth of ice, was once a luxuriant forest during prehistoric ages, is indicated by plant fossils in the rocks.

Wood for Fuel

Although wood is generally worth about 90 per cent as much as coal of equal weight in heating value, a cord of seasoned hickory is equal to a ton of average coal. Other woods of high heating value are white oak, hard maple, beech, elm, hackberry and ash. Dogwood is very desirable for use in open fireplaces on account of its attractive blue flame, States Purdue university foresters.

Split wood has a lower moisture content and therefore a higher heating value.—Prairie Farmer.

Earthworms Hard Workers; Keep Soil Loose, Porous

The lowly earthworm is one of the most active forms of life living within the ground and upon the surface, and its activities are of tremendous benefit to the soil which it inhabits.

It is estimated that during the course of a year in an acre of ground normally supplied with worms, as much as 15 tons of the soil in that acre pass through the bodies of the worms during the course of their feeding. The habit of the worms in feeding process is beneficial in that it keeps the ground loose and porous and at the same time takes decaying animal and vegetable matter from the surface of the ground down into the lower parts of the top soil where the roots of plants come in contact with it to their benefit.

The extent of the activity of worms in this burying process is great. Scientists who have studied the life of the earthworm believe that vegetable and animal matter discarded on the surface of the ground is buried as deep as two inches in the course of 10 years through the activity of the worms.—Boston Herald.

Apples of Tasmania Grow From Stump, Not From Limb

Tasmania, Australia, is known to the veteran traveler as apple land, although were the American asked to identify the fruit by the manner in which it grows he would find it difficult, asserts a writer in the Detroit News.

The trees are not more than six feet high. They are trimmed every year and only the stump is permitted to remain. Sprouts grow from the stump and the apples do not hang from the limbs as here. The blossoms bloom from the body of the limb, which is covered with apples, once fittingly described thus: "Apples grow from the limb as freckles on an arm."

Apple growing is a considerable industry in Tasmania, upward of 3,500,000 bushels a year being shipped. The, earth is especially suitable for the growth of the fruit, which thrives as no other would there. Large orchards dot the sides of the rocky hills.

The trees grow bushy and as many as 20 bushels of apples often can be picked from one. Fruit growers with ten acres of apple land in southern Tasmania earn a comfortable yearly income.

Prisoners Well Protected by Law When Before Court

Those who harbor the idea that prisons are largely populated by the innocent, or that unfortunates who have committed no crime are frequently confined by the executioner—such as these need only do one thing: stop seeing moving pictures and reading detective novels, and go instead to witness some real trials, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine.

Actually, the prisoner is protected by a set of safeguards many of which were devised under the theory that King James I is around the corner, ready to destroy our lives and liberties. The figure of justice ought to be represented not by a woman, blindfolded and holding a sword, but as a doddering crone, blind, deaf and foolish, and armed with a pop-gun.

Her opponents, the attorneys for the defense, on the other hand, come against her supplied with all the weapons of science, as well as poison gas, and a liberal supply of mud, to sprinkle anywhere, but especially upon the reputation, of the person who was so foolish as to get murdered or robbed by the prisoner.

Aromatic

THE RED HEART of Tennesee cedar, which, by a special process is scientifically treated to retain the full content of essential oils so deadly to moths and thus constituting a Natural, Continuous, and Permanent moth control agent.

In a Cedar lined clothes closet you can keep goods to the value of a thousand dollars permanently protected at lowest possible cost.

A Cedar lining enhances the beauty and value of your home.

It is cheaper to save than to buy clothing.

ROBERT LIGHT

Telephone 53. *Richard St.,* **Napanee**

My Clodhopper Husband

By ALICE C. MEYER-WING

ANNIE MAY BROWN was our village beauty, and as if that were not enough, she married the best "catch" of the county, Frank Fenton, the junior partner of the law firm of Fenton & Fenton.

Not only did she marry this handsome young attorney, but she went away on a long honeymoon trip. Surely the gods were kind to this first bride of our crowd, and as we watched the train out of sight, and saw the last flutter of Annie May's handkerchief.

To me, this was especially an anxious thought. I was half in love with a young farm hand, Simon Akers. This was the day of the term "clodhopper," used in ridicule of the now honored calling of agriculture, and a hired "hand" was especially despised.

The jeering of my friends was often trying, "If you had a beau like that, Amelia," one of them said as the train disappeared—"but wouldn't your clodhopper loom up in patent leathers?"

It was a cruel comparison. I was shamed. Life was cheating me. But I married Simon. We went west to grow up with the country and, incidentally grew prosperous. The aunt, who had given me a home when I was an orphan babe, had died, and with her went the last link connecting me with the home people, but the newspapers had begun to tell the world about the political rise of Frank Fenton. And, again, there came over me the old feeling of having been cheated.

Later there were stories of Fenton's connection with bribery charges and political scandals so pabbid that it was front page news all over the country.

In the midst of it, my husband suggested that we take the trip we had so often planned. "We can afford it, honey," he said, "and we've waited long enough. We'll go to Washington and New York—all the places we've dreamed about. On our way back we'll stop at the little home town. Some of our old friends are still there, and I love the little place, honey. It gave me my wife. Remember how I used to walk three miles to see you, after I had plowed all day? We would sit, without a word; then when it was so dark you couldn't see my cowhide shoes, I would reach over and take your hand and remark that it was a fine evening. Remember?"

I remembered.

One of the places we had always wished to visit, was the one large city of our home state. We had a delightful week of shopping and sightseeing there, and boarded the train for our continued trip in a happy mood.

Other passengers were coming in. One was a pale, well-dressed little woman whom the porter conducted to a section a little in front of us, on the opposite side of the car. I found myself studying her. Her profile reminded me of some one I had known.

The unguarded tones of two young girls back of us, reached me: "They think she's on her way to the capital to see her scamp of a husband. A reporter in the depot told me she came in on the midnight train. She isn't well, and people say she is grieving herself ill."

Somehow I knew they were talking about the woman with the puzzling profile.

"He hasn't been home for months," continued the indignant young speaker, "and it is rumored that there is another woman."

We had traveled an hour, probably, when I heard her gasp. The girls sprang up. "It's Mrs. Fenton!" one of them said.

"Mrs. Fenton!" I exclaimed rising. Could it be—yes, it was—Annie May, the first bride of my old home crowd.

She knew me instantly and smiled through her pain. "My heart," she said faintly. "I must go back to the city and telegraph my husband."

I looked at Simon. He understood. We needn't hurry, honey," he said. We'll go back with her if you wish."

At midnight, her husband, the "Honorable" and very elegant, Frank Fenton arrived. I was sitting beside my stricken friend. The doctor was there. Simon was near.

"Frank," she cried, as her husband appeared. "Come home, dearest. We need you, the children and I." She struggled up and put out her hands.

I felt we should leave the room, but the doctor motioned us to stay.

Her husband stood at the foot of the bed, aloof and cold, stripped of his glamour, his real self revealed.

Again I made a comparison of the two men—Frank Fenton and Simon Akers—and it was my last. The scales had fallen from my eyes and I knew at that moment that the cheated woman lay suffering before me.

"So you thought to follow me," Fenton sneered. "Well, the sooner you know that I shall never return to you, the better. Divorce proceedings are in the hands of my lawyers and the woman I shall marry next time—"

There was a slight shudder, a moan, from the figure on the bed. The physician looked up, calmly. "You will not need a divorce," he said.

Simon led me gently to our own room. I put my arms around his neck and touched, reverently, his plain, weather-stained face with my lips. "Thank God," I said brokenly and fervently. "Thank God for my clodhopper husband."

Tuberculosis From Cow's Milk

According to health authorities something like 25 per cent of all tuberculosis in human beings can be traced directly to cows' milk. In some cases when cows are consumptive the germs are present in their milk. This is why we have our cows tuberculin tested and one of the reasons for pasteurizing milk.

Democracy Originated by Ancient Spartan Lawgiver

According to tradition, Lycurgus was the author of the laws and institutions of ancient Sparta and lived during the Ninth century B. C. In order to study the laws of other nations, he traveled to Crete, Ionia, Egypt and perhaps also to Spain, Libya and India. On his return he remodeled the old constitution and established a new social order, which gave the people a voice in public affairs and led to the development of Sparta into a great military state. He is given credit for Sparta's strict military organization and training, her system of education and for the system of subordinating the individual to the state. Some give him credit also for the foundation of the apolla or citizen assembly; the prohibition of gold and silver currency; and the partition of the land into equal lots. The story goes that when this new constitution was completed, Lycurgus exacted a promise from his countrymen not to change it until he returned from a proposed journey; then he voluntarily exiled himself so as to bind them to this promise. The laws he founded are said to have lasted a thousand years. Some historians regard him, not as an actual ruler or lawgiver, but as a god or mythical personage.

Pennsylvania's Land Deal

Pennsylvania had at first but four miles of territory on Lake Erie. This was at the western end of the county and adjoined the state of Ohio. There was much trouble concerning that portion of Erie county known as the triangle, until finally the claims of the Six Nations, Massachusetts and New York became merged in the United States. In March, 1792, Pennsylvania bought the triangle for about $150,000. This gave her nearly 50 miles of frontage on the lake and more than 200,000 acres of additional land.

Arrest of President

In theory the President cannot be legally arrested for any crime whatever, even for murder, and his person is inviolable during his term of office. He might be arrested by mistake or he might submit voluntarily to arrest; otherwise, the only course is impeachment and removal from office by congress, after which he could be arrested like any other private citizen.

Lives in Perpetual Daylight

The Arctic tern travels from one end of the earth to the other. Its annual migration covers 11,000 miles. Part of the time they are living beyond the Arctic circle where the day lasts for six months. After this they fly to the Antarctic regions to experience another long day. The only darkness they encounter is in their migrations over the tropical regions.

Baker Knew His Bread

A St. Joseph (Mo.) baker knows his bread. He placed a loaf in the mail to be delivered by parcel post. A few minutes later he received a telephone call that the bread lacked sufficient postage. The next morning he went to the post office and asked to have the loaf weighed, and the postage was found sufficient. During the night the bread had dried out.

Raccoon Common Animal

The raccoon is common in many sections of the country and in season provides some excellent sport for hunters and their dogs. In general the raccoon or "coon" is of a dull, brownish gray, becoming yellower on the back, strongly yellow on the nape and tail and pale gray on the belly and feet. On the cheek is a black patch that extends across the animal's face, giving the impression of a mask. Average weight of these animals is approximately 18 pounds although many have been captured weighing 30 or more pounds.

Who Pays?

MESSRS. Jones and Messrs. Smith both make shoes—shoes exactly similar in quality and style. Messrs. Jones do not advertise. Messrs. Smith do, and sell a very much greater quantity than Messrs. Jones in consequence. **Who pays for Messrs. Smith's advertising?**

Not Messrs. Smith—because their profit-on the quantity sold—is Messrs. Jones' profit multiplied many times. Not the public—because they get, for $4.00, shoes of a quality for which Messrs. Jones charge $4.50. Not the retailer—because the profit is the same in both cases.

No-one pays for advertising. It is an economy—not a charge. It does for the operation of selling what Messrs. Smith's machinery does for the operation of making shoes—speeds it up, and multiplies its efficiency. It makes possible big-scale production and so reduces costs.

---it pays to advertise!

Issued by The Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

NO INSTALLATION COST
NEW LOW RATES
NO WASTE

Never has Hot Water Heating Cost so Little

HOT WATER!

As much as you need at a turn of the tap

Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario

SEE your local Hydro Commission for further information about the Hydro Plan of Free Electric Hot Water Heater Installation.

Perhaps you have long desired the convenience of continuous, automatic, hot water heating in your home. If so, the Ontario Hydro Commission offer of free installation of flat rate electric water heaters in Hydro homes is your opportunity.

Remember, installation of these heaters does not cost a cent. And all heaters are automatically controlled. A turn of the tap gives you hot water instantly—hot as you need and as much as you need—a whole tankful at a time. All waste is prevented. Tanks are insulated to retain heat. Automatic control shuts off current when water is at desired temperature. At any hour, hot water is available without trouble, worry or attention.

Mail the coupon below *now*. Secure early installation. Electric water heating, under the Hydro plan of free installation—and at the new low rates now in force—will cost you less and give you more than any other system of water heating. Mail the coupon now to your local Hydro officials or municipality.

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

HYDRO-ELECTRIC SYSTEM of _____
Write the name of your municipality here

Address of your local Hydro System

Write your name here

Write your address here

Make It a Fairway for Two

By LEETE STONE

JERRY ENGLISH thought he was going to like it—this new freedom from a daily and yearly job that had come to him with the legacy from an almost mythical California uncle. That was a year ago. His first thought, naturally for Jerry, had been of his frail mother. So he spent a slice of the fifty thousand dollars to buy back the little old New England homestead where she had been born and brought up, for her.

He could not leave her there alone to struggle with a Berkshire winter; and, though he was able enough, he hated to hire the typical, fussy "companion," so they arrived together, and they stayed there together. Jerry, who had spent his spare time writing little stories for several years, now dreamed of writing half the time, and gardening and woodchopping the other half.

His mother basked in the gentle light of her son's affection for the next year. Another autumn had come, with its glorious coloring resplendent and vivid on the hillside back of the tiny farm. With it came to Jerry deep loneliness. He missed the job and the occasional evening at the theater or movie. His mother gave him a very dear companionship; but he longed for that different companionship with his own age. Now that he could well afford it, he mused rather bitterly, he had of his own accord, placed himself in the backwoods, where homes were two miles apart, and callers so few as to give the impression of living in a wilderness.

One morning Jerry rose from his typewriter and looked out of the window behind at the white birch grove and semi-circular driveway that lay in front of the house. This semi-circular driveway of ashes, dirt and grave, connected on each side, two country roads which reached out in parallel form from the state highway a quarter mile above.

Jerry had the surprise of his life, that moment. Emerging from one country road and turning into his own driveway, he beheld the trim figure of a young woman riding a beautiful sorrel horse. Any equestrienne would have been a marvel; but this was a miracle—the very girl of his dreams.

"She'll go on up to the main road and I'll never see her again," he fumed.

The vision turned into his own semi-circle driveway. But doubt still assailed him. Sometimes casual passers used this as a quick cut-off to the other country road instead of going out to the main highway. She was doing the same, undoubtedly.

Then came his mother's voice from downstairs.

"A young lady to see you, Jerry!"

Jerry could have been bowled over by a feather when that call registered.

"Coming!" he replied.

Jerry hurried down to the big garage door that he kept open during the day. He had forgotten that he was wearing old clothes and with more than a day's stubble on his chin and cheeks, but he remembered these details when he was greeted by the visitor, a lithesome blond who sat cross-legged on the turf; a one-time race horse casually munching the already frost-bitten grass.

"Your name's Jerry English," she said, amazingly. "Mine's Jane Duganne. I heard at the village store of you. They say you write. I just got home the other day from a year abroad at school. I'm lonely. What I heard about you sounds as if you were an interesting person. Will you play a round of golf with me this afternoon?"

Jerry but managed a reply, of sorts. "Holy Gee!" he said boyishly, "but you're a good sport. Say, I didn't know there was a golf course within 50 miles."

"Ten miles—a nine-hole beauty—at Emsden," she replied.

That was how it all started. They played golf every afternoon for a week. Jane usually beat Jerry by several strokes because she had taken lessons from a professional. But Jerry kept creeping up with just one idea in his consciousness—to beat Jane decisively before the season ended.

It became an obsession, almost, for upon that victory depended his future, Jerry thought.

The day finally arrived.

"Don't you think you're the glamorous golf idol, now that you've beaten me?" Jane inquired.

"I'd—I'd like to play around again. And I'd like to have you think of the last fairway as a fairway for two. D'you mind?"

Jane looked straight into his eyes and then dimpled.

"Let's slip over to this clump of pines, rest a while and talk it over," she replied.

Indians Love Living Things

Early writers really paid little attention to how much the Indians cherished the wild flowers for their beauty, but it is known that for some reason many plants owe their extended distribution to the influence of the natives. Indians regarded all living things with deferential respect. The Indians could not endure ruthless destruction of any of the objects of nature, animate or inanimate. In a pamphlet on Indian customs, published by the University of Michigan, the writer says: "The Indians thought it improbable that hell, as described to them by the missionaries, was a place where fire burned eternally, because there would not only be a great waste of timber, but, they argued, the woods could not last that long."—Detroit Free Press.

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

AND THEIR EFFECTS ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM

The material for the following was provided from the Oratory Contest at Dorchester in the thoughtful speech of a high school boy. All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any. Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's. Nicotine is dangerous, and if enough is assimilated a deadly poison, and nicotine is one of the most active agents in tobacco. It is so deadly that physicians seldom prescribe it. While it takes from one half to two grains of strychnine to kill an adult human being, one seventh of a grain of nicotine is always fatal. Moreover, there is no human antidote for nicotine poisoning. Different brands of tobacco vary greatly in their nicotine content, from one per cent. to nine per cent., with an average of about three. Tobacco contains no less than eighteen other poisons capable of producing deadly effect if taken in sufficiently large quantities.

Here are some of them: Pyridine, ammonia methylanine, prussic acid, carbon monoxide, sulphureted hydrogen, carbolic acid, marsh gas, pyrrol, formaldehyde, and purfurat. These findings are the result of medical research and are perfectly true. In these days of motor cars all have heard of the ill effects of carbon monoxide. When inhaled, carbon monoxide enters into fixed combination with the hemoglolin of the red blood cells whose function it is to convey oxogen to the various glands and tissues of the body. It retards normal oxydization and hence favors the retention of waste matter within the body. Degeneracy of the glands and tissues is the result. The amount of carbon monoxide in the air need not be very great to produce symptoms of poisoning. From ten to twenty per cent. will produce death quickly.

One gram of tobacco when smoked produces from sixty to eighty cubic centimeters of carbon monoxide, thus all users of tobacco are exposing themselves to carbon monoxide or oxygen starvation in greater or less degree. Repeated tests have shown that the heart of a smoker beats on an average of nine beats faster during smoking, that its normal beat is more irregular than the man's who does not use tobacco, and that the smoker's heart returns to normal much more slowly than the non-smokers. There is a heart condition commonly known as the tobacco heart. Beside nicotine and carbon monoxide the cigarette contains other poisons, one of these is acrolein, a member of the dangerous aldehyde family. It is formed from burning the paper. It has a violent action upon the nerve centres. Another very dangerous aldehyde present in the cigarette is furfural. Aldehdyes are the poison found in crude immature whiskey. The amount of furfural found in one Virginian cigarette is the amount found in two fluid ounces of whiskey. Small doses of furfural cause tremors and paralysis of the muscles, and particularly of the respiratory muscles. Many smokers live to a good old age, because of the brave fight that certain organs in their bodies put up to dispose of the poisons that tobacco is constantly bringing into them. The effect of the first use of tobacco is generally headaches, vomiting and nausea. But if the tobacco habit is persisted in the body gradually builds up a tolerance. This does not mean an immunity to the ill effects, but while nicotine continues to do its insidious harm, the disagreeable reflex protest simply ceases, and the body makes the best of a bad job. The liver is the organ that works to eliminate tobacco poison. But an overworked liver is the frequent penalty, which many a smoker knows by experience. The heavy smoker is committing suicide on the instalment plan.

During the period of immaturity and youth the ill effects of tobacco in any form is more evident. The furfural present in smoke of the cigarette acts upon the brain cells and nerve tissues during the process of development, more powerfully than when they have obtained the vigor of complete growth and maturity.

The physicial degeneracy of these structures at the plastic period fosters moral degeneracy. This is why judges of juvenile courts everywhere declare that to their knowledge cigarettes have caused the downfall of more boys than any other one factor.

WHERE FISH ARE FISH

Montreal, June 17.—About a hundred swordfish are landed daily at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, each season, states the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways. Over three hundred swordfishing boats operate off the Cape Breton coast annually. One of the tourists attractions of this part of Nova Scotia is a trip with the swordfishermen to the swordfishing grounds to witness the adventurous occupation. The flesh of the swordfish is tender, sweet and wholesome, and may be prepared for the table by frying, baking or boiling.

All the Prairie Provinces report increases in planting potatoes this year. —Dominion Fruit Branch.

DESERONTO

Ladies' Day, under the auspices of the Deseronto Ladies Lawn Bowling Club, took place on Thursday afternoon, and despite the inclemency of the weather, was a most successful and delightfully arranged affair. During the past few seasons this event has been one of the outstanding weekly functions, both from a playing standpoint, as well as from a social standpoint. There was a large attendance for the initial event, and two games of six ends each were played and the dainty prizes were awarded to Mrs. Howard Vandusen and Mrs. Charles Higgs. Several games of bridge were played in the club house during the afternoon and Mrs. (Dr.) H. A. Boyce was the recipient of the prize. The tea was in charge of Mrs. L. Allum, Miss Jennie Dryden and Miss Agnes Thompson. The club house looked lovely with a profusion of rose and white peonies. Lovely rose daisies in a silver basket with tall tapers in matching shades held in silver holders adorned the tea table, which was presided over by Mrs. A. O Clarke and Mrs. H. Harvey. Refreshments were served. The membership of the club is very gratifying, and the ladies are looking forward to another delightful season.

The many friends of Clarence McVicker, brother of Jim. McVicker of the Post Office staff, will regret to learn that he was painfully burned while at work at the C. S. S. elevator, Kingston on Thursday morning.

On the half holiday, an exhibition game of softball was played between the Tigers of Kingston and the Pork Packers of Deseronto, the home team winning by the one sided score of 13-1. The visitors were outclassed in every department of the game, and the slugging of the locals was the outstanding feature. In the evening, a league game was played between the High School and the Firemen, the latter team winning by the score of 14-3. Blakely was on the mound for the High School, and Hennessey pitched an air tight game for the winners. The Pork Packers are at the top of the league, with the Firemen second, and the High School and Mohawks tied for third place.

Although Chief Constable Frank Smith is thoroughly investigating the robbery which took place at Whitton's tobacco store on Tuesday night, no arrests have been made as yet.

The showers on Thursday and Friday will help the strawberry crop to some extent, although more rain is needed. There is a considerable acreage of strawberries in this district, and during the past day or two the prices have tumbled. On Friday nice luscious berries could be purchased at two boxes for twenty-five cents.

Rev. W. D. Harrison was in Napanee on Tuesday evening last attending an executive meeting of the Presbytery. The meeting, which was attended by every member of the executive with the exception of one took place in Trinity United Church and the agenda was prepared for the first meeting of the Presbytery for the new conference year, which will be held in Stirling on Tuesday, September 19th. This was the concluding executive meeting for the present conference year, also the concluding meeting for Mr. Harrison, who superanuates on the first of the month.

Mr. Gainor, who competed in the bicycle race at the Napanee Driving Park on Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the Rotary Field Day, had the misfortune to have his "bike" taken and so far it has not been found. On the completion of the race, Gainor put his "bike" under the grand-stand and this was the last he saw it.

Mrs. E. C. Metcalfe and her daughter, Miss Mary Metcalfe, have returned to Toronto after spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Milton Hunt has gone to Toronto to spend two weeks with relatives and friends.

Miss Shirley Colclough, who has been attending Toronto University, has returned to her home for the vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, Miss Maria Miller and Miss Eastman are spending a few days in Ottawa, with relatives and friends.

DESERONTO ROAD

The annual picnic of the Deseronto Road Club was held on Saturday, June 17th, and was well attended, as over one hundred sat down to a tempting dinner. The place was Unger Island, a most beautiful spot, owned and occupied by Mr. Edgar Irwin and family. The afternoon was spent in social chat by the older ones, while a lively game of baseball was played by the younger men, also pitching quoits by some, thus the afternoon passed away altogether too quickly. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Irwin for the kind hospitality shown to all. This is the third annual picnic of the club.

Mostly all farmers are at present engaged in cutting alfalfa hay, which is yielding a fairly good crop.

Several small showers lately have been thankfully received, but were too late for the coming factory peas, which were in blossom a week or so before the rain.

The strawberry crop will, in all probability be a small one, owing to the want of rain, all patches on the high land having been badly scorched.

Field Day was fairly well attended, it being the first of its kind held in Napanee. Several good Holstein cows were shown, also a good display of young purebred calves.

Say you saw it in The Express.

EMPEY HILL

Rev. H. W. Foley preached his farewell sermon on Sunday to a large congregation.

Mr. Earl Pinney and Miss Alberta Boyce, Syracuse, N.Y., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pinney.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Charlton and Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnston, Belleville, were guests at Mr. M. P. Husband's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Osborne were guests of her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Whittington, on Sunday.

Mrs. Merry, Miss Merry, Miss Bunting and Mr. E. Jones of Belleville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Akey on Sunday.

Mr. Kenneth Pinney, Mr. Earl Pinney and Miss Alberta Boyce spent Sunday evening with her aunt, Mrs. M. P. Husband, and Mr. Husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank German were visitors at Mr. A. Ross' Shannonville, recently.

The Mohawk Minstrel Show, given under the auspices of the Tyendinaga East W. I., was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Husband, Mrs. E. VanAlstyne and Donald, Brockville, took dinner on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. F. J. VanAlstyne, Napanee.

Mr. James Parks and Mr. Nelson Scott, Beaver Creek, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. Akey.

Mr. Percy Akey spent Sunday in Kingston with his sister, Mrs. W. Breen and Mr. Breen.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Oliver and family spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Pinney.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Winters and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Winters were visitors at Mr. Everett Price's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Kimmerly and family were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stapley, Mrs. Stapley, Sr., and Miss Jennie Stapley visited friends at Plainfield on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kimmerly and family spent Sunday at Mr. Edw. Prices.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Haggerty, Mr. and Mrs. O. Ashley attended the Holstein Field Day in Napanee Driving Park on Friday.

Mr. Frank Smith and Rodney Sexsmith, Napanee, spent a day recently at Mr. Clifford Abbott's.

The estimated commercial production of strawberries in Canada is slightly less than that of last year.

Here and There

Gasoline sold in Canada during 1932, according to figures compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, amounted to 503,452,000 gallons. Nearly half the total was consumed in the Province of Ontario.

The recent Canadian census reveals that of the population of Canada fifty-two per cent. are of British origin; twenty-eight per cent. French origin; seventeen point five per cent. all other European races, and about four-fifths of one per cent. Asiatic.

The Saskatchewan Department of Natural Resources will liberate about 2,000 nine-week-old pheasants throughout the province of Saskatchewan during the coming summer. The birds are being held in captivity at Moose Jaw prior to liberation.

Despite a somewhat later season this year, crop conditions throughout the Prairie Provinces provide cause for optimism in the opinion of J. M. McKay, general agricultural agent, Canadian Pacific Railway. He based his view on improved moisture conditions and generous growth everywhere, which at some points was the best since 1928.

Completing a sensationally successful visit to Canada and the United States lasting several months, the Oxford Group sailed recently aboard the Empress of Australia for England under the leadership of Rev. H. Allen Viney. Their Canadian visit terminated with a house party at the Chateau Frontenac at which 500 members were present.

The death at Vancouver recently of F. W. Peters, former general superintendent British Columbia district, Canadian Pacific Railway, severed one of the last remaining links on this continent with the pioneering railroad days of the early seventies. His service extended to nearly 52 years. He was born in Saint John, March 25, 1860.

Grant Hall, senior vice-president, Canadian Pacific Railway, back from three-weeks' inspection trip that took him to the Pacific Coast, stated that he had seen and heard much of an encouraging character during his trip and nothing of a contrary nature. He added that there was distinct revival of hope and restoration of confidence.

Farm management through the application of business principles, practical and theoretical knowledge and ordinary horse sense to farm problems is a necessity of this day of lowered prices, T. C. F. Herzer, manager Canada Colonization Association, told the Winnipeg Kiwanis at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, recently. The Association has extended its activities in Saskatchewan, where it now has 14 zone managers with 1,344 farms of a total of 467,000 acres under supervision.

More than 300 scientists from 21 countries attended the fifth meeting of the Pacific Science Congress opened at the Empress Hotel, Victoria, June 1, and continuing at the Vancouver Hotel, Vancouver, until June 14. It was the first time the Congress has met on the American side of the Pacific Ocean. Lord Rutherford addressed the Congress from his home in England, his speech being carried by radio close on 6,000 miles to Vancouver.

Full grown, green tomatoes reared in the tropics have been successfully held in cold storage at 47.5 degrees F. for periods up to 20 days; and thereafter ripened and held at 70 degrees for 10 to 14 days without wastage under certain conditions.—Dominion Dairy and Cold Storage Branch.

WILTON

With a splendid attendance of thirty-five, the monthly meeting of the Wilton Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Earl Perry on Tuesday afternoon. The roll call was answered by "A line of your favorite song." Business matters were then taken up, and in a discussion re shoes for some needy children, it was decided to dispense with fruit and flowers for the sick, during the summer months, and to utilize the money for relief purposes. It was unanimously decided to stage a field day and July 26th was the date selected. The committee conveners for the field day will be Mrs. M. Boulton and Mr. Erwell Huff.

Recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Giguere were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Penfold, daughter and grandson; Mr. and Mrs. C. Lamaire and son of Kingston, also Mr. and Mrs. E. Campbell and Mrs. A. Gregson, of Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shibley, of Kingston, were the recent guests at the home of Mr and Mrs. Stuart Walker.

Miss Almeda Babcock, of Napanee, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maitland Boulton. Miss Babcock recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Kingston General Hospital, and her many Wilton friends will be glad to know that she is improving nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Fax Martin and daughters, Helen and Audrey, were the recent guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Kenneth Lemmon, and Mr. Lemmon, Watertown, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. James McFarlane of Odessa and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baker of Moscow visited recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Simmons.

Mrs. Ida Parrott spent last week in Kingston with her daughter, Mrs. Wilmur Bauder, and Mr Bauder.

Mrs. Hannah Stover spent the past week with relatives and friends in and around Yarker.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdoo and family of Pittsburg, were the recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. White.

ANNUALS

Annuals may be planted until the end of June, and are invaluable to complete your color schemes. By now you will no doubt find some vacant spots in your garden, where an odd perennial has been winter-killed, or perhaps where some of your plants have not made the growth anticipated. These spaces may be made beautiful by filling in with a few of the more colorful annuals. We suggest that irregular grouping will give better results than formal planting. Be sure not to crowd them too much allow plenty of space for cultivation. In large gardens where space is not at a premium, beds may be planted with one variety, the effect of which is very striking. For this purpose Rosy Morn Petunia is easily a first favorite, its rosy pink flowers are much in evidence from June until frost. Its companion Balcony Blue Petunia is another fine bedder, having dark purple flowers and is somewhat larger. Then there is the good old fashioned Nasturtium which for brilliancy of colour is hard to duplicate. If it is possible to procure Nasturtium in separate colours, use only one color for bedding, preferably Empress of India in rich crimson. By the way many seedsmen are offering a new double Nasturtium that is fragrant. The seed is fairly expensive as is always the case with new varieties. Having succeeded in producing a double fragrant variety we predict that it will not be so very long before we will be able to obtain all the old-fashioned varieties double and fragrant. What a treat that will be! Nor must we forget Nicotiana, Affinis sweet scented tobacco, which should not be massed together, but interspersed through the shrubbery or perennial border, or around the entrances, where their delightful fragrance is so pronounced and in the evening gives a sense of the Orient. Some of the varieties suitable for planting in small groups are Antirrhinum (snapdragon), Calendula (English Marigold), Verbena, Scabious, Salpiglosis, and annual Larkspur. Then there are those that require plenty of space for development, and that do not like crowding. In this class are Salvia, Celosia (Cockscomb), Asters, Zinnias, and Tall Ageratum; these are late bloomers and require thorough cultivation to produce good flowers. For edging Lobelia Crystal Palcace, Alyssum Carpet of Snow, and little Dorrit Ageratum make fine plants for this purpose. There are other varieties of Lobelia that is trailing and tall varieties of Ageratum, and Alyssum, but only those mentioned should be used if very small plants are desired. Most of the Annuals are not deep rooting and for this reason it is very necessary to see that the ground is thoroughly cultivated, and watered when dry. Any good commercial fertilizer may be used to advantage, in which case follow the directions marked on the container rigidly. It may be applied every two weeks.

If you have any problems pertaining to gardening and would like advice, write enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and mention this paper, to the Arcadian Nurseries, Islington, Ont.

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

TAXES . . . . . easiest to pay

There is only one easy way to pay taxes. That is to pay them as a part of the purchase price of something the taxpayer wants.

Uncle Sam's latest tax, that on beer, is an example. Nobody pays it who doesn't want beer, and nobody who wants beer objects to paying a price which includes the tax, amounting to about one per cent. for an ordinary-sized glass. The cigarette tax is another that is not painful. It comes to six cents on each package of twenty cigarettes. Last year the government's income from cigarette taxes was over three hundred million dollars.

In Italy last Fall I learned that every sign, poster or public notice of any kind has to pay a tax. Even the card over the bell-button in my hotel bedroom telling me to ring once for the porter, twice for the chambermaid and three times for a waiter, had a revenue stamp stuck on it.

Stamp taxes have never been used in America as freely as elsewhere. They are the easiest taxes to collect as well as to pay.

CHANGE . . . . . mighty slow

Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, said the other day that more than two thousand persons had written with elaborate schemes to change the whole social system. Probably never before have so many folk all over the world been busy making plans to remodel the world. Nothing is easier than to make an ideal plan; nothing is harder than to induce human beings to follow a plan.

It takes from three to a thousand generations to change the habits of a people. What is needed now is something that will work next month, not next century. It would be a good plan, for example, if the relations of industry and agriculture could be readjusted so that every factory worker would have a piece of land to fall back on, but the present generation of factory workers doesn't know how to live on the land.

The last thing Americans want, it seems to me, is to be compelled by law to do anything to which they are not naturally inclined. I don't think highly of any scheme of social reform which is not the product of the evolutionary interplay of natural forces.

CURTISS . . . . . late honor

Glenn Curtiss died three years ago, but the War Department has just awarded him the Distinguished Service Cross, which was given to his mother as a memento always to be cherished of her brilliant and beloved son.

I knew Glenn Curtiss intimately, from the days when he was a bicycle-racing kid trying to ride faster than anybody else. When he was beaten at the New York State Fair he resolved to make a bicycle which would go faster than anybody has ever gone. The first motorcycle grew out of that determination, and Glenn Curtiss was the first man ever to travel at a speed of more than 150 miles an hour.

His most famous achievement, however, was making the airplane practical. The Wright Brothers were the first to fly, but Curtiss was the first to build a plane that anybody could fly. He did more for the development of aviation and taught more men to fly than anybody else ever did.

I'm glad his mother has his Distinguished Service Cross.

HORSES . . . . . man's medicine

When the wild mongols from the high plateaus of Asia swept around the Black Sea, a thousand or more years before Christ, they introduced the horse to Europe. The Greeks had never seen men on horses, and believed, many of them, that man and horses were one. Hence the myth of the Centaur, half horse, half man.

In another thousand years the horse had become the indispensible reliance of travellers and explorers all over the world. A couple of thousand years later the automobile was invented and folk who thought they were wise said the day of the horse was over.

More people are riding horses today than ever before. Good horses bring higher prices than for many years. City folks are learning anew the old truth that "the best medicine for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse," and the parks are filled with riders daily, rain or shine. The best riders in the world today are still the Mongols, but the best horses are bred in America and Western Europe. The wild mustangs and bronchos of our Western plains are descendants of the horses brought by the Spanish Conquistadores; America never had horses until after 1492.

FINGERPRINTS . . . . very practical

"Practical" people laughed at Joe Faurot when, thirty years ago, he insisted that the fingerprints of every captured crook should be recorded. Today identification by fingerprints is relied upon in every police department in the world, and the Department of Justice in Washington maintains an international clearing-house of fingerprints with more than two million records.

No two persons have ever been found whose fingerprints were alike.

Joe Faurot retired from the police department seven years ago and is trying to extend the use of the fingerprint identification in other fields. He has lately invented a method of fingerprinting which does not soil the fingers as the old printers' ink system did. He thinks the time will come when everybody's fingerprints will be recorded from birth, so nobody can ever pose as somebody else and there will be no doubt of anybody's identity.

ADOLPHUSTOWN

The cool weather of last week was something of a shock after the extreme heat of the week before. A number of light showers have gone through in streaks, but the country needs a soaking rain. Strawberries are proving a light crop owing to the drought. Hay cutting is general now A few fields are good, but many are quite short.

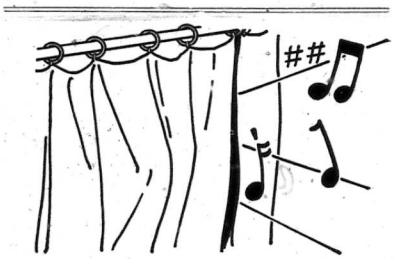
Messrs. G. and R. Davis of Melita, Man., are guests of Mr. T. N. Davis, after an absence of many years.

The fishermen are quite elated over the report that the government fish hatchery at Glenora is closing permanently.

Miss Marjorie Allison attended the graduation of nurses in Picton on Tuesday evening last.

Mrs. R. M. Roblin entertained the W. I. on Wednesday afternoon.

NAPANEE CELEBRATES MONDAY, JULY 3rd. There will be 2 Horse Races—2.26 class, 2.27 class and Free-for-All. You will enjoy the holiday at the beautiful Driving Park.



Like a Shower

EXCEPT BETTER! Kellogg's Corn Flakes help you feel cooler all day through. These delicious flakes are so easy to digest they don't "heat you up."

For comfort that lasts, enjoy a bowl of Kellogg's instead of hot, heavy foods. Breakfast, lunch, the children's evening meal. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

Kellogg's for Koolness

CHEVROLET
GM
NATIONAL MOTORS VALUES

"I'd say, get a Chevrolet. It's the value leader—and you'll save plenty on gas, oil and upkeep."

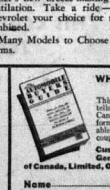
HOW TO SAVE ON YOUR NEW CAR

Chevrolet Master Six 4-Door Sedan, 5 wire wheels, $897 delivered fully equipped at factory, Oshawa, Ont. Freight and licence only additional.

CANADIANS everywhere are spreading the good news: Choose a Chevrolet! Save on purchase price—for the new Chevrolet Standard Six is the lowest-priced, full-size, six-cylinder closed car you can buy. Save on gasoline, oil and upkeep—because Chevrolet costs less to run than any other full-size automobile. And all the while Chevrolet is saving you money—you're driving in style, in a smart Fisher body car. Piloting a smooth, speedy Cushion-Balanced Six. And keeping cool and comfortable, thanks to Fisher's new breeze-making (*and draft-preventing*) ventilation. Take a ride—see if you don't vote Chevrolet your choice for savings and satisfaction combined.

Many Models to Choose From—Easy G M A C Terms. C-18D

R. J. McFARLAND,
Dealer
Napanee, Ont.



WHAT 30,000 MOTORISTS TOLD US

This "Automobile Buyer's Guide" tells about our recent survey among Canadian motorists and provides information which you will find valuable in choosing your next car. Send coupon for free copy

Customer Research Dept.
General Motors Products
of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Name

Address